

The Academy

Weekly Review of Literature and Life.

No. 1514. Established 1869.

11 May, 1901.

Price Threepence

[Registered as a Newspaper.]

The Literary Week.

VICTOR HUGO's love-letters to his *fiancée*, 1820-1822, is announced for next week, following hard on the trail Bismarck's love-letters. We can but be thankful that those two great men did not know that the intimate outpourings of their deepest feelings would be published to the world at a time when love-letters are booming like sensational or pseudo-religious fiction. Many disapprove, but few have the moral courage to refuse to add the love-letters of eminent men to their library list. But protests in print are not wanting. The *Literary World* (Boston) reviewing Victor Hugo's *Love-Letters*, says:

It is getting to be that of the things that belong to a man there belongs to him—nothing. This paradox is attested by this volume. If any of a man's belongings belong to him to the degree that they ought to be buried with him, his love-letters are those things. Interesting? Of course they may be; in this case they must be, and are, extremely so; but they are too sacred to yield up their secrets to the gaze of profane curiosity. The public has no rights to these letters. They ought never to have been printed. Whose is the responsibility of parting with them for thirty pieces of silver?

THE "Letters" form of composition that has come in with the new century is too vigorous to last. Hardly have we dipped into *The Aristocrats*, and sampled "George Egerton's *Rosa Amorosa*," than we are confronted by *The Letters of Her Mother to Elizabeth*. The "little soul," we observe, who writes the letters in *Rosa Amorosa* does not die like the Englishwoman. She marries her correspondent, and goes to China. Before she starts she writes a letter to the "editress" of the volume, whom she addresses as "Dear old Friend, nice Woman Thing." Her lover is addressed variously as "My Own, My Very, Very Own," "Kind little Lover," "My Twin Soul," and "Dear Thing."

THE picture exhibitions are not rich in literary portraits. At the New Gallery there is a portrait of Mr. Kipling by Mr. John Collier. At first one sees nothing but the blue serge suit, but travel up the cloth, past the blue collar, and you find the small bullet head, too small, we think, and the eyes peering gravely from behind the spectacles. Mr. Kipling is standing much too near the fire for safety. At the same Gallery there is a portrait of Mr. W. T. Stead by Mr. E. A. Ward, with puckered brows, writing diligently, and one by the same artist of "Mark Twain," who wears a rather troubled look. At the Academy there is a portrait of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones by Mr. Hugh G. Rivière, and one of Mr. Frankfort Moore by Mr. Hugh de J. Glazebrooke.

WE understand that the author of *Colloquies of Criticism*, which we reviewed in our last issue, and which was heralded by advance paragraphs as to the publisher's ignorance of the name of the author, is Mr. W. H. Mallock.

READERS of Stevenson's *Kidnapped* will rub their eyes when they find their way to a certain stall at the Glasgow

Exhibition. For they will see before them Alan Breck in the flesh. It was Messrs. Cassell's idea, and every effort has been made to make the costume correct.

It is proposed to erect a memorial to the late R. D. Blackmore. Mr. R. B. Marston, who has agreed to act as hon. treasurer and hon. secretary of the memorial fund, suggests that the memorial should take the form of a marble tablet with a medallion portrait and a suitable inscription, and that any balance after defraying its cost should be invested for the benefit of the Authors' Benevolent Fund which has recently been established in connexion with the Society of Authors. The Dean and Chapter of Exeter Cathedral have consented to the erection of a memorial in the cathedral and the representatives of Mr. Blackmore approve the idea, only stipulating that the artist employed should be Mr. Harry Hems, of Exeter.

A LITTLE library of poetical exercises by minor poets is again accumulating on our bookshelves, and we shall soon be confronted by the duty of reviewing them—not a light task. For we have not forgotten the flutter of letters that descended upon us from aggrieved bards after our last pronouncement. Meanwhile, we have been amused by the following little notice of a book of poetry that appeared in last week's *Speaker*. It strikes us as being just the right way of doing it—right length, right spirit, and informed by a cheery avuncular patronage:

Mr. F. Ernley Walrond must be extremely young. Nothing else could account for his inordinate solemnity, his melancholy mood, his bitter tears, his conviction that life is hollow, and that the course of true love never can run smooth. But we have a tender feeling for the Too Quick Despairer (as Matthew Arnold said), and to Mr. Walrond we say, with great sincerity: "Cheer up. When you have lived a little longer, you will find that life is not such a bad thing after all. Silvia will marry you, or, if she doesn't, Yvette will. In the meantime, eschew blank verse as you would the devil. Cultivate your real taste for nature, and your capacity for pretty rhyming. And never again, even if you live to keep your golden wedding with Silvia, make *Sun* rhyme with *Communion*, for that is wilful wrong-doing."

THE *Further Memoirs of Marie Bashkirtseff* makes a volume of 173 pages, accompanied by photographs and pictures, with such titles as "Dear Master, Tony Robert-Fleury," "The amiable and always charmed and charming Carolus Duran." In one passage, which begins "I am thinner by half," Marie goes on to criticise Daudet's *Sappho*:

I have read it twice, wishing to be reconciled with Daudet's style, which unnerves me. Am I ridiculous to be provoked by it? It runs, runs; it spins along, always quickly. It is a flight, a scattering. The reader strives to follow, breathless. It is all scraps of phrases, scraps thrown off, as if regretfully, by a pitiful man, who is too much pressed to say as much as he knows, and always something sinister in hints *à propos* of fried potatoes. It is like a picture painted in dabs—the eye is fidgeted by not being able to rest on anything solid. An endless pizzicato.

THE thousand-and-one references to *Murray* in connexion with travel which are scattered throughout novels and light verse now need annotation. It is *Murray* no longer, but *Stanford*. We do not know why Mr. Murray has parted with his famous series of hand-books; but it may be pointed out that guide-books have multiplied of late years to such an extent, and the competition has become so keen, that this branch of publishing demands specialised attention. The famous series which now changes hands was founded by Mr. Murray's father, who published the first volume—dealing with Holland, Belgium, and North Germany—in 1836. That book was based on the notes taken by Mr. Murray in several journeys through these countries at a time when—in Germany, at all events—there were neither railways nor macadamised roads. Everyone knows how the series has developed, and how in the case of each country described edition has improved on edition. There are now twenty-nine foreign and the same number of home handbooks. Baedeker's series was avowedly founded on Murray's, and of late years it has keenly contested the supremacy. It is stated, however, that every Baedeker has been preceded by a Murray; and we need not say that in the preparation of guide-books it is the pioneer work that counts for glory. All travellers will hear of the change with regret, but Mr. Stanford may be trusted to handle the series with skill, and we shall not be surprised if an important revision of prices inaugurates the new management.

MANY writers with powers insignificant beside George Eliot's share her dislike of reading their own books. Even journalists cannot all bear to read their articles when they are printed, so great is their dread of being put to small shames by their work. Printed matter is so ir retrievable that its defects seem magnified many times. In a letter from the collection of the late Mr. Towneley Green, which will be dispersed at Sotheby's next week, George Eliot writes thus to Dr. Alexander Main, the editor of the *George Eliot Birthday Book*: "I have read my own books hardly at all, after once giving them forth; dreading to find them other than I wish, and now I am haunted by the fear that I am only saying again what I have already said in better fashion. For we all of us have our little store—our two or three beliefs which are the outcome of our character and experience, and there is equal danger of my harping on these too long, and of our taking up other strains, which are not at all our beliefs, but mere borrowing of echo. From both of these dangers Good Sense deliver me! that Good sense which includes Good Conscience, and a high estimate of the author's function. Every one who contributes to the 'too much' of literature is doing grave social injury."

MRS. HELEN BOSANQUET has been looking into the cheap fiction which is sold for pennies and twopences in countless weekly papers and booklets in small miscellaneous shops in London. Like Miss Corelli, the authors of these tales do not send their works to us for review; but, if they did, we think it quite possible we might be able to endorse the opinion with which Mrs. Bosanquet concludes her article: "If it were worth while to institute any close comparison between this cheap literature and that which is to be found in circulating libraries and on bookstalls, I am confident that any impartial judge would agree with me that for neatness of workmanship, directness of purpose, and absence of bad taste, some of these penny stories are far superior to many which are sold for shillings. On the other hand, they never rise to any marked degree of originality, and may fall very low."

THE Paris correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* is always sending something piquant across the Channel. This week he describes the disastrous fate of the "Word

of Honour Free Loan Office," started in that city by Mme. Jennie Robin, a benevolent literary lady, for the relief of impecunious writers who possibly (and in their own opinion certainly) only needed a small sum to enable them to complete works on which fame and money waited. No security was asked and no interest exacted. The penurious poet, the needy novelist, and the cashless critic came and borrowed. The Duchesse d'Uzès lent her patronage and wealth, and well-known writers like MM. François Coppée and Jules Lemaitre beamed on the scheme, and it was their hope that the assisted writers would rise in the world and become patrons of the institution until the funds ascended and descended like the rain that fertilises. Alas! This dream was shattered by "the fact that none of the clients of the loan office ever blossomed into successful authors; indeed, the very great majority of them remained the authors of rejected MSS. Worst of all, the proportion of repayments proved so infinitesimally small that even the trusting Mme. Robin had to admit in the end that honour among such of the denizens of Grub-street as came her way was a vain word. And so the loan office has had to close its doors after accomplishing little more than a quite unnecessary distribution of doles to literary ne'er-do-wells."

"THAT distinguished-looking poet of the National capital, Col. John A. Joyce, is at present in Baltimore collecting data for a new biography of Edgar Allan Poe. The Colonel wears his hair long, and its white locks fall over his shoulders or wave in the wind. He has already visited the Church House where Poe died, and the Westminster Cemetery where he is buried." Thus the *New York Saturday Review*. We shall be uncertain whether to buy the author's photograph or his book.

SIR MOUNTSTUART GRANT-DUFF, to whose new volumes of reminiscences we referred last week, and to which we shall return, is not always telling or picking up good stories. He has just delivered an address to students in connexion with the London Society for the Extension of University Teaching, at the Mansion House, on "The Poetry of the Victorian Age." He made some interesting points. Perhaps it is not generally realised how poets who made their reputations in earlier reigns lived on far into the reign of Queen Victoria. We quote the *Times*:

It was just about the time of the late Queen's accession that Wordsworth, who was made Poet Laureate in 1843 and died in 1850, first learned that his poems had begun to make a real impression at home and abroad. Samuel Rogers, a far inferior poet, lived still further into the Victorian era. His writings belonged to a school which, when he died in December, 1855, had vanished; but it had been, perhaps, the fashion to depreciate them too much. Landor, who began to publish before the end of the eighteenth century, produced a great deal between 1837 and September, 1864, when he passed away in extreme old age. His friend, Southey, although he lived about six years beyond 1837, showed long before his death evidence of failing powers, and could not justly be claimed as falling within the era under consideration. Perhaps, however, the most curious link between the poetry of the eighteenth century and that of the Victorian age was Peacock, of the India House, who, born in 1785, lived till 1866, writing in his youth "The Genius of the Thames," which had been said by Mr. Gosse to belong to the school of Collins in its last dissolution, and living to produce the lines: "I played with you 'mid cowslips blowing," which was the gem of "Gryll Grange." Praed, although his poems were not collected till the second half of the last century, only lived till 1839. His *vers de société* were well known, but the fact was less familiar that he could write in a very different style when he pleased, as witness his lines entitled "The Dying Girl to her Lover." It was, however, by his merry mood that he became the leader of a school in which Frederick Locker, afterwards Locker-Lampson, was the most distinguished disciple. Leigh

Hunt, although we connect his name chiefly with the third decade of the nineteenth century, was for twenty years a subject of Queen Victoria.

THE personal equation was rather strong throughout the address. Take this reference to the author of *The Earthly Paradise*:

Another poet wholly of the Victorian age was William Morris, whose earliest and by no means least charming poems appeared, he thought, in 1858. He questioned whether William Morris ever wrote anything better in later days than "Riding Together" and "The Eve of Crecey," though he wrote much through many years that was delightful. Would that he had been contented to be that most useful personage, "the idle singer of an empty day," instead of wandering into regions where his time and abilities were wasted! He heartily sympathised with the late Lord Derby who, when looking one evening for a book in his library, and, passing the candle along a shelf, remarked, as it passed the volumes of the poet who had strayed so far from his vocation: "If I had known that that fellow was going to turn Socialist I would not have gone to the expense of binding him in red morocco."

Sir Mountstuart Grant-Duff has his own little preferences and enthusiasms. He thinks very great things of the war poems of Sir Franklin Lushington, the author of "The March of the Guards," and his brother Henry. The following calls for more light: "The poem 'On a Picture at Perugia,' by one of the heads of the Parliamentary Bar, which had only been privately printed, would not lose by comparison with the most successful efforts of any of our professional poets." Poor Mr. Quiller-Couch is reproached for not including in his *Oxford Book of English Verse* more specimens of "the most distinctive poetical work done by Oxford in modern days," a remark which shows a rather odd misconception of the aim of the collection. Not "one line of Shairp, one line of the Archbishop of Armagh, one line of Dr. Bright"! Sir Mountstuart Grant-Duff's remarks on the present passion for technical finish are reported as follows, and are interesting for their reference to Byron:

The pity was that they had sacrificed almost too much to this excellence, which was an accessory merit only, and unimportant when the deft maker of verse had little or nothing to say. We might hope that the next generation of poets would, without losing this technical skill, employ their poetical faculty only as a vehicle for something worth saying. The reaction which had set in against the ridiculous undervaluing of Byron was of good omen. Byron might have had "no technique," as a foolish critic once remarked; but at least he had something to say, and he said it with a vengeance. He should not be surprised if thirty years hence it had become an article of orthodox poetical faith that the Fourth Canto of "Childe Harold" was the greatest non-dramatic poem in English.

A CORRESPONDENT writes from Modbury, South Devon: "Referring to your quotation, 'Between-Girl,' in your last issue, we call her here by another name. We advertise her almost daily in the *Western Morning News* and other West Country journals as the 'Tweeney-Maid'—a prettier fashion of describing her, to my fancy. She spends her mornings with the cook 'washing dishes,' her afternoons with the parlourmaid being 'taught behaviour.' And under their joint instruction the Devon 'Tweeney-Maid' often develops into a really first-class servant. The best of our maids have begun life in that manner for a great many generations past. The 'Between-Girl' is merely a modern imitation."

UGHT a poet to read his own works in public? Mr. Edwin Markham does it in America, and this is how an American newspaper discusses the question:

Never has this country seen so prevalent a poet as Mr. Edwin Markham. It has come to such a pass that no

matter what the occasion they must have him in, poetry by Markham taking the place on the programme of music by the band. No Sunday-closing law for him. The man has put up a pumping-station at the Pierian Spring. It is all wrong—bad for the people, bad for the poet. Our instinct in regard to poets is a safe guide. They ought to be more or less remote, and if they mingle with men at all they ought to behave like the rest of us and not like poets. There is nothing more hideous than a poem in the wrong place, and when a man starts up before a placid, practical-minded audience and says, as Mr. Markham did: "When the Norn-Mother saw the Whirlwind Hour, Greatening and darkening as it hurried on," there is a general feeling of sheepish discomfort. And if the poet does not see it, but keeps straight on doing this kind of thing over and over, he becomes that awful scourge of mankind—the obtuse, horny-skinned, aggressive, and irrepressible parlour bard, never seen without a rest inside him, which you know is sure to emerge. A social evening with one of these self-winders is the darkest form of entertainment as yet devised, the first part spent in dreading what is to come, the last in getting it.

THE philosophy of skipping is expounded with some humour by Mr. Anthony Deane in the *Pilot*. Its pith is this:

When I meet a paragraph which begins—

It is now necessary to retrace our steps somewhat to explain. . . .

Or,

The crimson sun by this time neared the horizon. Far over the hills stretched a vault of heavy cloud, its strange purple tints fading and dissolving into. . . .

Or,

But the contents of this room—his *sanctus sanctorum*—deserve more detailed description. . . .

Or,

O strange, unfathomable mystery of existence, compelling our purblind race. . . .

when, I say, I meet a passage in a novel which begins thus, I skip like anything.

And so do we all.

THE President of the New York Shakespeare Society has addressed the following letter to the *New York Sun*:—

SIR,—Mr. Sydney Lee, of London, who has quite recently taken all Shakespeare for his province, is writing letters to the literary newspapers inviting all owners of First Folios to send descriptions of them to him, presumably so that he, Mr. Lee, can get the personal *clat* of preparing a descriptive directory of First Folios, &c., a work which the New York Shakespeare Society performed more than twelve years ago for the City of New York (of which city Mr. Lee appears never to have heard), and I believe other Shakespeare societies have performed for their localities over and over again.

If there is to be any considerable response from the United States to Mr. Lee's invitation, I suggest that some stipulation be obtained from Mr. Lee that, in preparing his directory, he condescend to remember that there is such a territory as the United States on the map, or such a dot thereon as the City of New York (in one library in which there are more copies of the First Folio than in the British Museum in Shakespeare's own capital city itself).

If it were not that, for more than seventy years "Americans" (that is, citizens of the United States) have been paying any price demanded for Shakespeare Quartos and Folios, or for any vestiges of Shakespeare, whereas Mr. Sydney Lee only appeared upon the scene about three years ago, this letter might sound invidious. But unless a Shakespeare Quarto or a Shakespeare Folio loses its verity as an original by crossing the ocean, it seems to me that Mr. Lee's performances justify me in writing it.

APPLETON MORGAN,

President of the New York Shakespeare Society.

A more churlish and contradictory communication we have not read for many a day. Mr. Lee, in the course of his

work as one of the foremost of Shakesporean scholars, wishes to catalogue and describe all existing copies of the First Folio. And the President of a presumably learned Shakespeare Society in New York resents it!

THE revival of panoramic photography is attracting considerable attention, and is interesting to authors and illustrators. A panoramic view is one which takes a wide sweep of scene into the picture. The reason why the views taken in this way appear to give a more realistic idea of the places represented as we know them is, no doubt, because the eye naturally travels round somewhere about the horizon line, and the mind gets a corresponding impression. These long, narrow-shaped views are extremely effective and make interesting subjects. The recent introduction of the very compact Panoram Kodaks may be noted in this connexion.

THE list of catalogue quips which we published a few weeks ago is supplemented as follows by a correspondent:

The Double Thread. Uncut.
The History of China. Quaint plates.
The Mantle of Elijah. Cloth, hardly soiled.
Mr. Spongs's Sporting Tour. Badly foxed.
Le Jardinier Français. Platin' Press.
The Compleat Angler. Front missing.
History of the Sword. Many cuts.
Don Quixote. Original old calf.
Portrait of a Lady. Name on title-page.
Frederick the Great. Wants two pages.
Beyond the Dreams of Avarice. 2s. 6d.
Success in Journalism. Splendid copy.

Bibliographical.

THE *Complete Poetical Works of Robert Buchanan*, which Messrs. Chatto & Windus, it is understood, are preparing to issue in two-volume form, will, no doubt, be welcome to many. Mr. Buchanan first issued his *Poetical Works* when he was only thirty-three years old—namely, in 1874. His next issue of his *Poetical Works* came ten years later—namely, in 1884. This was a substantial volume of 534 double-column pages, printed in a rather small type. Since 1884 he has put forth a good deal of verse. One has only to name *The Earthquake* (1885), *The City of Dream* (1888), *The Outcast* (1891), *The Wandering Jew* (1893), *Red and White Heather* (1894), *The Devil's Case* (1896), and *The New Rome* (1898)—the last-named being a very well-filled volume. Altogether, Mr. Buchanan's Poems must, taken as a whole, occupy a good deal of space. One always likes to have a man's Works complete, but I am not sure that Mr. Buchanan's reputation as a poet would not be most enhanced by the publication of a judicious Selection from his rhythmic work. This was done in 1882, but needs doing over again. Mr. Buchanan has the pen of a ready writer, and a very great deal of his verse is only fluent prose in "lengths." Perhaps we must leave it to the next generation to do the sifting.

I am a little surprised to see that Mr. T. Edgar Pemberton proposes to devote a volume to the professional career of Miss Ellen Terry. This has already been done by Mr. Charles Hiatt, whose *Ellen Terry and her Impersonations* came out in 1898, adorned by many portraits, and endowed with a binding which had been designed by Miss Terry's son, Mr. Gordon Craig. It will not be easy to supersede Mr. Hiatt's book, which was carefully and sympathetically done. Mr. Pemberton is a very genial biographer, and he is to be assisted, it seems, by Miss Terry, her family, and Sir Henry Irving. It is possible, therefore, that he may have something new to tell us,

though his existing theatrical biographies hardly warrant that assumption. It is not so much that Mr. Pemberton as a memoir writer is inaccurate as that he is apt to be both verbose and vague. There have been, of course, various pamphlets and other brochures concerning the stage life of Miss Terry, but the only adequate monograph up to now has been that by Mr. Hiatt.

Mr. Herbert Paul says, in one of his reprinted essays, that up to date (1896) there had been no Life of Lord Beaconsfield save Mr. Froude's. Of course, an adequate Life of Disraeli is yet to be written, but of biographies and memoirs of a kind there had been plenty prior to 1896. There was one by G. H. Francis so long ago as 1852, and another by T. Macknight in 1853-4; there was one by J. Mill in 1863, and one by J. McGilchrist in 1868. The first substantial Life was that by Francis Hitchman in 1878; Mr. T. P. O'Connor's book, of about the same date, was rather a political diatribe than a biography. Dr. Brandes' study came out in 1880, and there were memoirs by E. Walford and L. Abjohn in 1881. Mr. Kebbel's monograph belongs to 1888, Froude's to 1890, in which year there was also one by F. C. Brewster. This list is by no means exhaustive, but it serves to show that Mr. Paul, when he wrote as he did, wrote somewhat hastily.

It seems that I ought to have included last week among actors of a literary turn Mr. Arthur Machen, who, we are told, is a member of Mr. F. R. Benson's company. I accept the statement, though I do not remember to have seen Mr. Machen's name in any of the "bills." It is to him that we owe not only translations of Marguerite of Navarre's *Heptameron* (1886), and *Fortunate Lovers* (1887), but two volumes of original fiction, *The Great God Pan* and *The Inmost Light* (1894) and *The Three Impostors; or, the Transmutations* (1895)—volumes which certainly have the merit of individuality, always a welcome quality.

It is with mixed feelings that one hears of discoveries of unpublished verse from the pen of his sainted Majesty James I., and one wonders whether it is really worth while to put that verse into type. Mr. Arber reprinted for us, in 1868, the monarch's *Essays of a Prentise in the Divine art of Poesie*, and these seem almost more than enough.

I note with pleasure that the author of the new Life of Gilbert White, of Selborne, winds up with a note on some of the earlier editions of the *Natural History*. One can but wish that he had gone a little further and made the bibliography complete up to date. Of late years, as we all know, the editions of the *History* have been legion.

A correspondent writes: "I was reading somewhere, the other day, certain remarks about Mme. Michelet's supposed treatment of her husband's MSS. I wonder whether it is generally known that she has some pretensions to authorship herself? She was the author of a book published by the Messrs. Nelson in an English translation in 1871—*Nature; or, the Poetry of Earth and Sea*, which, I have been told, was written at the publisher's suggestion, the book being turned into English from Mme. Michelet's MS. in French. I rather fancy that the book never saw the light in French, but I may be wrong. The English version had some charming illustrations by Giacomelli."

From another correspondent I receive this query: "Sir M. E. Grant-Duff, in his new *Notes from a Diary*, quotes the following lines:

I am not clear,
For all the smooth round type of Elzevir,
That every work which lasts in prose or song
Two thousand years deserves to last so long.

These are ascribed to a certain 'Armstrong.' Which and what 'Armstrong'?"

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

Letters that Live.

The Francis Letters. Edited by Beata Francis and Eliza Keary. 2 vols. (Hutchinson. 24s. net.)

THE "Junius" controversy is obviously one of those out of which the judicious man of letters is careful to keep himself. It is, therefore, a relief to find that with it the present entertaining volumes have, on the whole, very little to do. There is, indeed, a preliminary note on the subject, by Mr. C. F. Keary, which at first sight looks alarming. But it is so effectively written, tilts so neatly at Mr. Fraser Rae and our respected contemporary the *Athenæum*, and puts the whole matter in such a nice nutshell, that it ends by being, after all, rather interesting. Certainly the case, as presented by Mr. Keary, looks bad for Sir Philip Francis. One bit of evidence is particularly striking and dramatic. During the publication of the "Junius Letters," Francis spent a winter with his cousin Tilghman at Bath. After the fashion of the day, a certain Miss Giles, a famous "toast," received one morning a copy of verses. These, with the cover in which they came, have been preserved, and when the handwriting on the cover was shown to Mr. George Woodfall, he suddenly exclaimed: "Good God! that is the feigned hand of Junius!" The verses inside are in another hand, that of Tilghman. But their author was Francis, for many years later he gave a copy of them to his second wife as a sample of his early versifying. And the copy, the actual verses sent to the young lady, and the address, are all written, as the watermarks show, upon portions of the same sheet of paper. Clearly the mystification was one in which Francis and Tilghman were joint partakers, and to suppose that Tilghman wrote the "Junius Letters" would be absurd.

The only direct reference to the famous invectives in the "Francis Letters" is made by a brother-in-law of Sir Philip, who, writing to him in the spring of 1770, says of Junius: "Who the Devil can he be?" but it is improbable that, if Sir Philip had been Junius, he would have confided the secret to this brother-in-law. For the rest, the "Francis Letters" are the personal correspondence partly of Sir Philip himself, partly of other members of the family in his own and the next generation. So far as the central figure is concerned, they show a somewhat paradoxical and certainly not an attractive personality. A kindly letter from his father while he is still at school strikes a keynote:

I sincerely rejoice with my dearest Boy on his being moved to the head class: not so much for the Honour, as that you will have it in your power to make another trial of your own Temper; whether the Lads you complain of are really the Sauciest Fellows breathing or whether you have not been Saucy enough to provoke them. Oh! my dear Phil, rather chuse to be beloved than envied. Make use of your abilities to purchase friends. Reflect a little how few will acknowledge the superiority that hurts and pains them by the insolence of exerting it. Who would not rather sit down with his own honest darkness, than be insulted by the impertinent light of others?

Francis never took the good advice. Throughout this correspondence, in spite of real talents and of principles probably above the average, his most distinguishing characteristic remains a marked insolence and inhumanity of temper. He was good enough to his father in after life, but the two quarrelled bitterly over his marriage to a lady whom the elder Francis describes, in a letter written before the engagement, as "the not too divine Miss McRabie." His family were well awake to his failings. Tilghman writes to him, only half in jest, that the Pope should have given him the Decalogue and Galateo, that he might have learnt charity from the one and politeness from the other. A curious absence of both qualities makes his letters unpleasant reading. He has a

perfect genius for saying things nastily. Of his own household he snarls:

Domestic news is as insipid as usual. Children bawling, servants fighting, my wife scolding, your father and mother weeping, and Patty raving mad.

To the same correspondent he writes:

I condole with you on the Death of your Aunt. One naturally grieves at the Death of a person who leaves one nothing to rejoice at. This has always been my case. No poor devil ever had so little reason to rejoice at the death of his relations.

As a guest of a Mr. and Mrs. Clough, he can bring himself to say:

These good folks received me as the Jews intend to do the Messiah. . . . Old mother Clough is as blind as a Horse in a Mill, and has a head like a curry-comb.

He had, indeed, a singular faculty of malicious observation. To his daughter he writes:

What do you think? I went last night to a concert, and whom should I meet but my *ci-devant* flame Lil! remember I tell you, I never will do so any more, a painted skeleton by all that's ugly—*passée, fanée, flétrie, et délabrée*, but wonderfully kind and almost flattering, so it's my turn now.

This is as ugly as the famous remark of Waller to Sacharissa in her waning beauty.

No doubt Francis in later life was a disappointed man. He made a modest fortune in India, not by the usual methods of giving illegitimate shakes to the pagoda tree, but mainly by gambling. But he was doomed to be in the opposition; and when the ministry of "all the Talents" at last came in, he was offered not India, which he had set his heart upon, but the Cape. To his credit must be set a genuine affection for his wife during long years of invalidism, and much tenderness towards his children. They were not exactly a happy family, for the paternal temper was heritable. The extravagance of a married daughter led to violent scenes, and Sir Philip became in his turn the object of the insolence of a son who, as is usual with sons, failed to share his taste in art. The lad writes to his sister:

My father has put up a cartload of *his* pictures in that elegant Dining room. You will guess how far it is improved by these ornaments. For God's sake no mention of it, I pray. The thing is without remedy, and observations that apply to a matter of vanity founded upon total ignorance and want of taste cut too deep to be risqued.

Catharine Francis takes up her father's defence, and in a long letter enumerates solid benefits done to his family and sacrifices undertaken for them, which may well outweigh asperities of temper and selfish habits in small things.

A want of the finer feelings hardly debarred a man from the best society of the Regency, and Francis was a *persona grata* at the Pavilion. The loyal admiration of the younger members of the household for their father's great friend recalls a state of mind the recoil from which brought Leigh Hunt to prison, and which the present age, conscious of its own superiority to the glamour of a palace, regards with amazement.

I cannot do justice by all that I can say to the charming Prince's gracious kindness and goodness to us. Eliza is almost as equally captivated with him as your sister, who acknowledges her weakness (if it must be called so) and extreme admiration of all his amiable qualities, fascinating manners, and uncommon accomplishments—his talents for conversation and powers of entertainment are truly extraordinary and delightful. We have had many proofs that the excellence of his heart is equal to his incomparable understanding. . . . Pray burn this letter for I should not like my attachment to our future Sovereign to be publicly known, so I beg you will not leave it out but destroy it. I hope you have received the Brawn.

Francis is also intimate with old Lady Clive, with whom

he fraternises on the subject of cats, which, like all inhumane men, he loved. And he visits Lord and Lady Thanet at Hothfield, and the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire at Chatsworth. An interesting correspondence with the beautiful and serious Duchess Georgiana is printed. It is conducted with much gallantry on the part of Francis, but the real subject is a profound disagreement between the Whigs of the day as to the character and position of Charles James Fox. The Duchess, as might be expected, is his thick and thin supporter. Francis, on the other hand, criticises him for a supposed desertion of the party he was bound to lead. Among the few for whom Francis had a hearty admiration was Burke. But the *Reflections on the French Revolution* were too much for him. He protests against them in a long epistle to the author. The famous passage about Marie Antoinette he declares to be "pure foppery," and asks: "Are you such a determined champion of beauty as to draw your sword in defence of any jade upon earth, provided she be handsome?" Burke is stung into an eloquent rejoinder.

Sidelights on English society of a century ago are, of course, plentiful in these volumes. The economics of fashionable society are amusingly illustrated by the financial difficulties into which, at one time, Francis's wife, at another his daughter, are brought by their desires for "a sweet house in Harley-street," or some other establishment beyond their means. One may read of the excitement occasioned in the London drawing-rooms of 1804 by the appearance of

Mrs. Graves—a lady of most singular Conduct and appearance—neither herself or her children have ever had their hair cut, and those sweeping Tails are exhibited to everybody who visits them between the hours of 2 and 4, her own lies on the ground and in colour and quality very much resembles the tail of a black cart-horse.

One may sympathise with the public spirit of Francis and the Bishop of London, who get up meetings of the dwellers in St. James's Square against the "beating of Carpets in the Tetragon," and the turning of the Square garden into a poultry-yard:

The Bishop of London is actually sitting at my left hand, talking about the weather and the Dutch fleet, and a multitude of foreign fowls, from Brook's menagerie, who are sent into our square for their health, and left them screaming and starving all day and night, and the bishop assures me that this violation of decorum is connived at by the Duke of Norfolk, who pockets sixpence a week for each of those cursed bipeds, who, not having a feather left, look very like Christians in adversity.

In the second volume is a group of letters which might be from the pen of Jane Austen. They are written by Eliza Johnson, a step-grand-daughter of Francis, and describe the rivalry of two somewhat younger girls, in the country house in which she is staying, for the attentions of an undecided admirer. The touch is inimitably light. In the end one of the girls, for all the world like Lydia Bennett, elopes with an officer, the only difference being that, owing to the unwillingness of life to adapt itself to the laws of literature, Miss Johnson's stolen match at Gretna Green turns out an exceedingly happy one. Equally Jane Austen-like are the letters of two sisters, Miss Matilda and Miss Anne Gunn, Irish beauties whose singing and dancing made a *furor* in the fashionable watering-places of 1805. The descriptions they give of their conquests are full of the most feather-headed gusto. They have "the best men" always at their parties, including "a charming creature Col. Taylor, Aide de Camp to the King—who played on the Violoncello divinely." Even the inimitable Prince succumbs.

He said many fine things which were flattering if I had the vanity to believe him, but alas! I know Princes can say prettier things even than other men and mean nothing. I am quite *au fait* now with the sex.

It is long since two more entertaining volumes came our way.

A Journalist's Life.

The Autobiography of a Journalist. By W. J. Stillman. (Grant Richards. 2 vols. 24s. net.)

THIS book would be noticeable were it but for the remarkable *tour de force* in wood engraving by Mr. Cole which forms the frontispiece to the second volume. Whether it be lawful so to stretch the natural powers of wood engraving as to make it mimic the technique of a drawing may be a matter of question; but there is no question about the singular skill with which this result has been achieved. It is from Rossetti's portrait of the author.

Though Mr. Stillman considers himself mainly a journalist, his has been a crowded life of multifarious activities. This American has been artist, journalist in his own land, U.S. Consul in several places, and again journalist on the staff of the *Times*. In addition he has experimented in European revolution, spiritualism, and backwoods life. He has met an infinite variety of men eminent in art, literature, and politics. It is easy to see that he was never really an artist, but rather a man of cultivated intellect, whose passion was for seeing life in the broadest sense of the term. His book would have been yet more interesting than it is but for one fatal limitation, which he shares with all but the best writers of reminiscences. Of the great men he has known his description is subjective rather than objective. (This, at least, is mainly true, as will be seen when we quote his recollections.) That is to say, he tells us abundantly what he thought about them, what impression they made on himself; but little or nothing of their appearance, talk, manner and mannerisms, the minute things which make, collectively, a recognisable and distinct personality. Of their habits we hear more; though even these are too generalised: there is a lack of eye for significant peculiarities. He writes a character of the man, in fact, rather than letting him impress his own character on the reader.

Neglecting order of time, we may take first some of our own personalities whom Mr. Stillman knew. He was familiar with most of the second Rossetti circle (as distinguished from the founders of the *Germ*):

Rossetti [he says] was one of the most fascinating characters I ever knew, open and expansive, and, when well, he had a vein of the most delightful talk of the things which interested him, mostly those which pertained to art and poetry, the circle of his friends and his and their poetry and painting. To him, art was the dominant interest of existence . . . and he tolerated nothing that sacrificed it to material or purely intellectual subjects. I remember his indignation at the death of Mrs. Wells, the wife of the Royal Academician, herself a talented painter, who died in childhood. "A great artist sacrificed to bringing more kids into the world, as if there were not other women just fit for that!" The artist was to him the *ultima ratio* of humanity, and he used to say frankly that artists had nothing to do with morality, and practically, but in a gentle and benevolent way, he made that the guiding principle of his conduct. Whatever was to his hand was made for his use, and . . . in the house at Robertsbridge [Stillman's own] he at once took the place of master of the house, as if he had invited me, rather than the converse, going through the rooms to select, and saying, "I will take this," of those which suited him best, and "You may have that," of those he had no fancy for. . . : He declined to put himself in comparison with any of his contemporaries, though he admitted his deficiencies as compared to the great Venetians, and repeatedly said that if he had been taught to paint in a great school he would have been a better painter, which was no doubt the truth; for, as he admitted, he had not yet learned the true method of painting. He refused to exhibit in the annual exhibitions, not because he feared the comparison with other modern painters, but because he was indifferent to it, though I have heard him say that he was glad to exhibit his pictures with those of the old masters, as they would teach him something about his own. . . . The only

painter of note I ever heard him speak of with strong dislike was Brett, whom he could not tolerate.

I often saw Swinburne at Cheyne Walk; and when they were together, the painter's was certainly the dominant personality, to which Swinburne's attitude was that of an affectionate younger brother. One day Rossetti had invited us all to dinner, and when we went down to the drawing-room there was great exhilaration, Swinburne leading the fun. Morris was, as usual, very serious, and in discussing some subject, . . . Swinburne began to chaff and tease him, and finally gave him a vigorous thrust in the stomach, which sent him backwards into a high wardrobe, on the outer corners of which stood Rossetti's two favourite blue and white hawthorn jars, a pair unrivalled in London, for which he had paid several hundred pounds each. The wardrobe yielded and down came the jars. I caught one, and Morris, I believe, the other, as it was falling on his head. Rossetti was naturally angry, and, for the first and only time in my experience of him, lost control of his temper, bursting out on the culprit with a torrent of abuse, which cooled the hilarity of the poet instantly, and reduced him to decorum with the promptitude of a wet bath. To hear Swinburne read his own poetry was a treat, . . . the terrible sonnets on Napoleon III., after Sedan, among the readings, being the most memorable and effective.

Another great painter with whom Mr. Stillman came once in contact was Turner. He met him in Griffiths's gallery (who was one of Turner's most enthusiastic supporters):

It was difficult to reconcile my conception of the great artist with this little and (to casual observers) insignificant old man, with a nose like an eagle's beak, though a second sight showed that his eye, too, was like an eagle's—bright, restless, and penetrating. Half-awed and half-surprised, I held out my hand. He put his behind him, regarding me with a humorous, malicious look, saying nothing. Confused, and not a little mortified, I turned away. . . . When I looked his way again, a few minutes later, he held out his hand to me, and we entered into a conversation which lasted until Griffiths gave me a hint that Turner had business to transact which I must leave him to. He gave me a hearty hand-shake, and, in his oracular way, said: "H'mph—(nod)—if you come to England again—h'mph (nod) h'mph (nod)"—and another hand-shake with more cordiality, and a nod for good-bye. I never saw a keener eye than his; and the way that he held himself up—so straight that he seemed almost to lean backwards—with his forehead thrown forward, and the piercing eyes looking out from under their heavy brows, and his diminutive stature, coupled with the imposing bearing, combined to make a very peculiar and vivid impression on me.

This is a sketch much more vivid and personal than is Mr. Stillman's wont. Griffiths assured him afterwards that his reception had been singularly cordial, the more that Turner had been in so bad a humour on entering as to make Griffiths dread he would insult the young American student. Turner died after Mr. Stillman's return to America, before he could meet him again in the flesh. We say "in the flesh," because of a very singular and remarkable spiritualistic experience which Mr. Stillman records after this return to America. It is so striking (whatever may be thought of it) that we shall quote as much of it as we can. The medium was a Miss A., daughter of the chief foreman in his brother's ironworks; a girl of fourteen, who made no exhibition of her strange powers, which rather troubled her. Mr. Stillman and his brother Jacob got permission from her father to try a *séance* with her, only himself and his brother Jacob being present. Mr. Stillman hypnotised her, and put his questions mentally, not even looking at her, so that neither looks nor words could give her any clue to what he wished to ask. Answers came, none the less, in writing from what purported to be the spirits of his dead brother and that brother's cousin, Harvey. Harvey was asked if he had seen Turner since the latter's death. He replied

"Yes"; and, being asked to fetch him, said he would "go and see." Then came the extraordinary part:

Miss A. said: "This influence is going away—it is gone"; and after a short pause added: "There is another influence coming, in that direction," pointing over her left shoulder. "I don't like it," and she shuddered slightly, but presently sat up in her chair with a most extraordinary personation of the old painter in manner, in the look out from under the brow and the pose of the head. It was as if the ghost of Turner, as I had seen him at Griffiths's, sat in the chair, and it made my flesh creep to the very tips of my fingers, as if a spirit sat before me. Miss A. exclaimed: "This influence has taken complete possession of me, as none of the others did; I am obliged to do what it wants me to."

Questions put to the supposed Turner got no answer but "a fixed sardonic stare" from the girl. Presently, however, she got up and walked across the room "with the feeble step of an old man," took down a coloured lithograph from the wall, and went through a careful pantomime of reproducing the print in water-colour, the sharpening of the pencil, and the choosing a water-colour pencil, "noting carefully the necessary fineness of the point":

Miss A. seemed much amused by all this, but as she knew nothing of drawing she understood nothing of it. Then with the pencil and her pocket-handkerchief she began taking out the lights, "rubbing-out," as the technical term is. This seemed to me so contrary to what I conceived to be the execution of Turner that I interrupted. . . . "Do you mean to say that Turner rubbed out his lights?" To which she gave the affirmative sign. I asked further if in a drawing which I then had in my mind (the well-known "Llanthony Abbey") the central passage of sunlight and shadow through rain was done in that way, and she again gave the affirmative reply, emphatically.

Convinced that this must be false and contrary to Turner's habits, he took no further interest in the conversation, believing that the "influence" was merely personating Turner, spirit or no spirit. But six weeks later he sailed for England, sought out Ruskin, and told him all. Ruskin declared the contrariness (in refusing to answer the opening questions) was entirely characteristic of Turner. They took down the "Llanthony Abbey," examined it, and recognised beyond dispute that the lights *had* been rubbed out, as the "influence" asserted. Ruskin caused him to send an account of the affair to the *Cornhill*, but Thackeray rejected it.

Of Emerson, Lowell, Longfellow, and other famous Americans, or of the great French painters, and many another celebrity, we have left ourselves no place to quote Mr. Stillman's account. But enough has been said to show what various attraction this exceedingly interesting autobiography offers to the reader. Let him "take and read."

Good Reading.

Men and Letters. By Herbert Paul. (Lane. 5s. net).

As a discursive critic Mr. Paul is more genial than Mr. Lang, and more severe than Mr. Birrell. His scholarship is abundant and discreet. But why describe Mr. Paul of the *Daily News*? Here he gives us in wider stream the criticism whose rilllets enveredure that paper at least once a week. These thirteen essays have appeared in the *Nineteenth Century* during the last eight years. They are reviews of that mention-and-away type which so admirably serves the well-furnished critic. Out of the thirteen we have read six, and these we have found—what shall we say?—conventional words are unworthy. They made our armchair very comfortable and our bookshelves newly fascinating. Why cannot a man live in a cottage, eat

pulse, and read?—like him of Boulge, who did it and was content—not, of course, like Amiel, who went but half way and was miserable. After all, this is what a book of literary essays should do; it should sharpen old fine hungers, and foist on us our unclaimed wealth. The value of this book is not in its sane and interesting judgments, but in the provocation it gives to sit still and deepen one's literary life. It is as though a collector showed us his coins. Only for coins we have books, passages, sayings—not selected and dried, but found for us, growing in their own soil with wet, warm roots. To dispute with Mr. Paul over trifles would be boorish. When a man who inspires confidence shows us what he likes there is no more to do than to be nourished. And of nourishment this book is full.

The six papers we have read are on "Matthew Arnold's Letters," "The Decay of Classical Quotation," "Sterne," "The Art of Letter-Writing," "Macaulay and His Critics" and "The Autocrat of the Dinner Table." The last title would fit several men; here it stands for John Selden.

Matthew Arnold's *Letters* were received coldly, and have become a "remainder"—facts which look rather shameful in the light of Mr. Paul's delightful paper. In it these letters are made to yield up a great deal of Arnold, his little blindnesses and bigotries as well as his greatness. He is exhibited as the insufficient critic of Heine and Tennyson, as the defender of his own "levity" in dealing with Christian dogma, and as the constant lover of nature. With happy choice Mr. Paul gives us this landscape from a letter which Arnold wrote to his mother in January, 1848:

It was near dark when I left the Weybridge Station, but I could make out the wide sheet of the gray Thames gleaming through the general dusk as I came out on Chertsey Bridge. I never go along that shelving gravelly road up towards Laleham without interest, from Chertsey Lock to the turn where the drunken man lay. To-day, after morning church, I went up to Pentonhook, and passed the stream with the old volume, width, shine, rapid fulness, "kempshott" and swans, unchanged and unequalled, to my partial and remembering eyes at least.

Here we have sight of that spiritualised love of place which is the joy of wistful men like Arnold, and, indeed, the passage reads as though in an hour it would become a poem. In conclusion, Mr. Paul touches on Arnold's loyal remembrance of his father and becomes quietly eloquent:

No line of his poetry suggests anything but what is lovely and of good report. No act of his life could have been condemned by the Puritan rigour of his father. From his father also he derived much of his inbred taste and literary sense. Dr. Arnold's style is always lucid, dignified, and impressive. His mind was steeped in that standard and touchstone of perfection, the literature of Athens. Plato and Thucydides were the favourites of the father; Homer and Sophocles of the son. Greece is justified of her children.

The paper on Sterne is particularly good. Mr. Paul will not hear of the theory put forth by Mr. Percy Fitzgerald that *Tristram Shandy* was written with great carelessness, and at headlong speed, resulting in nonsense, illuminated by lightnings of fancy and humour. "I venture to affirm that *Tristram Shandy* is one of the most elaborate of human compositions, that there is not a sentence in it but Sterne knew well how it came there. . . . In *Tristram Shandy* are accumulated the experience, the meditations, the observant knowledge of many years. The eccentricity is in the treatment. The substance is elemental, and belongs to the broadest aspects of human nature." Here is an excellent remark about Sterne's dialogue: "In what may be called the art of interruption no one has ever approached him." A longer passage from this paper will serve as an example of Mr. Paul's manner:

Then follows the famous digression upon the dropping of Trim's hat. "Are we not here now," continued the corporal, "and are we not" (dropping his hat plump

upon the ground, and pausing before he pronounced the word) "gone! in a moment?" The descent of the hat was as if a heavy lump of clay had been kneaded into the crown of it. "Had he flung it, or thrown it, or cast it, or skimmed it, or squirted it, or let it slip or fall in any possible direction under heaven, or in the best direction that could be given to it . . . it had failed, and the effect upon the heart had been lost." Sterne goes on in a style rather more fantastic than usual to treat Trim's hat as the symbol of all declamatory eloquence and histrionic effect. Nearly a hundred years after the publication of *Tristram Shandy*, Richard Cobden and John Bright walked home together from the House of Commons. Mr. Bright had just made the great speech against the Crimean War, in which he exclaimed: "The angel of death is abroad in the land. You can almost hear the beating of his wings." It is one of the most justly celebrated passages in modern oratory. "There was one moment," remarked Cobden, "when I trembled for you. If you had said 'flapping' you would have been lost." Whether Cobden had read *Tristram Shandy* or not, he understood the moral of Trim's hat.

It has been suggested that Newman was indebted for his style to Sterne. Mr. Paul thinks it was so, but disappoints us of further talk on the subject. Nor does he enlarge upon his discovery of the influence of Sterne in almost every page of *The Dolly Dialogues*.

The paper on the "Art of Letter-Writing" is inspired by Mr. Murray's Byron, and works through Gray, Shelley, Cowper, and others, to FitzGerald, of whom Mr. Paul says with truth: "There is a perfect symmetry of careless ease in the style of his own correspondence, more agreeable to the intellectual taste than the most consummate elaboration of literary art. He was so steeped in that glorious literature which must fill every Englishman with personal humility and national pride that he never had to think about his phrases. He could not go wrong."

A Scots Philosopher.

The Day-Book of John Stuart Blackie. Selected and Transcribed from the MS. by his Nephew, Archibald Stodart-Walker. (Richards. 6s.)

THE value of apothegms strung like beads on a string is not precisely literary; but in the case of this Day-book the stringing has been done well, and the maker of the beads was an earnest, lovable, and interesting personality.

Blackie's was a ranging, but not a soaring, mind:

Pile your proud systems to the skies
With praise of wondering nations;
The human field before my eyes
I plough with fruitful patience.

Thus he sings, and the crowd he collects about him is of the kind that rules the world. It is a crowd of utilitarians with the granite faces of Caledonia. It is a crowd that pronounces "art" with the double "r" of contempt. It believes far more in matter than in form, though it thinks it believes in spirit as much as in either; and it dislikes professional criticism.

"Accept your limitations," is Blackie's first rule for happiness. How sane, and yet how contrary to the law of growth! "The first quality of style is to be easy and natural," says Blackie. How sensible, and yet how mean, how bourgeois! "'Tis better to walk decently than to dance awkwardly," says Blackie. How self-evident, and yet how foot-flattening!

No wonder a utilitarian crowd applauds its Blackie. His was not a soaring mind, as we have said. It was, therefore, all the plainer for men to see. But it was, as we have also said, a ranging mind. It was the mind of a philosopher. He is on his knees when he exclaims: "From three tyrants—from Custom that murders Conscience, from Fashion that strangles Nature, and from

Priests that steal Jove's thunder, Good Lord, deliver me." If the "Good Lord" hear that prayer, most of his audience must relieve him of their company; and the critic of perception, outstaying the vulgar herd, will see the aristocracy of the candid ranger and the plumber of depths in the sagacious Scotsman whom erstwhile he almost despised. Here is a sentiment "abhorred of comfortable men": "Suicide is only a desperate stroke of Nature to get rid of an overclouded, overstrained, or undermined vitality which has become unbearable. The blasted tree that will neither bend nor break must be hewn down." Such a passage will be hurried over, and much citation made of neat rhymes, for which the professor had a fatal aptitude. It is easy to discount a thing said in rhyme if it be inconvenient.

Blackie's philosophy was a structure built upon the site of inherited Christianity. The Christianity was there fragmentarily, and he held it in passionate regard. But it could not prevent him from saying that "all popular theology is exaggeration crystallised into dogma," and that "the world is too vast to be compassed by any of our creeds." Christ, for him, presented ethics "perfect in motive and perfect in balance"; brotherly love is, therefore, a salient feature of his philosophy. He is so brotherly, indeed, that he gives his "right hand to Protestantism," his "left hand to Romanism," and his "heart to both," while, like a true Scotsman, reserving his head for himself. In the limited region his modest plumage allots to his flight, his religion makes him a poet. To utilitarianism he sinks, as we have shown, but he is against commercial literalism in religion. "The efficacy of prayer," he says, "is not so much to influence the Divine counsels as to consecrate human purposes"; and, again: "Orthodoxy is merely the poetry of the Bible petrified into prose."

On the whole, one is interested rather than substantially fed by the Day-book. Though systematised philosophy is unreadable, it somehow seems the only philosophy worthy to be studied. It builds in the dark. The philosophy of most aphorists does not. It makes neat remarks about life which, more or less neatly, we might make for ourselves. Common sense is undoubtedly sensible, but it is undoubtedly common. And despite his religiousness, and his courageous-vision, Blackie overbrimmed with common sense.

From America.

The Aristocrats. (John Lane. 6s.)

THIS book consists, so the title-page states, "of the impressions of the Lady Helen Pole during her sojourn in the Great North Woods, as spontaneously recorded in her letter to her friend in North Britain, the Countess of Edge and Ross." It is further dedicated to all lovers of the Adirondack forests, peaks, and lakes.

To the real lovers of the Adirondack, however, it is doubtful whether the dedication will come congenially. For in a country of profound and virgin loveliness are unfolded the entangled skeletons of shallow flirtation, superficial criticism, and somewhat curious glorifications of the British aristocracy. The criticisms are for America, the glorifications exclusively for the English, and more especially for their high-mindedness in immorality, their licences in expression, and their unembarrassed acceptance of the sins of passion as the one great factor helping to "dissipate the ennui of life," and, therefore, inevitable and sympathetic.

The book begins by Lady Helen's impressions on her first arrival at Boulder Lake with a consumptive brother, and plunges rapidly into cheap sketches of American people, all false aristocrats, all pruned by the belief that they con-

stitute America's only genuine aristocracy, all extreme, vain, and intended principally as mouthpieces to express the worst in American literature and personality. But if the character-drawing, taken as a rather merciless skit of certain people, is in its way readable, the offensive platitudes upon virtue and immorality are absolutely not. And these commence very early and characteristically with Lady Helen's blunt disgust at the reticence of American women as regards "their lovers," a delicacy she contrasts contemptuously with the proud openness of the English under similar conditions.

The following is an example of Lady Helen's opinions, and their mode of utterance: "'What,' I cried, 'am I really to meet an American woman who has committed adultery? How at home I shall feel! So many of my friends have, you know!'" As an essay on American people this book cannot be regarded as within the pale of genuine criticism. A novel it is not, lacking the essential element of plot. And for the lovers of Adirondack peaks it must be like searching for a few soiled jewels in a rubbish-heap. That here and there the impression is conveyed of a country heart-filling in its beauty is Lady Helen's redeeming act of penmanship. But is this ruthlessly "spontaneous" writer really the true aristocrat in that crowd of sham ones? There is a phrase that breeds doubt: "I used my eyelashes rather wickedly, and my upper lip . . . this in order . . . to see a man like that go off his head for me." The phrase sticks—Lady Helen's eyelashes moving wickedly. Would it fascinate? Could it be done? Is it part of the fine licence stamping Lady Helen's genuine aristocracy?

Other New Books.

LAST ESSAYS. BY THE RT. HON. PROF. MAX MÜLLER, K.M.

These Essays, as his son informs us, were selected by Prof. Max Müller for republication just as his final illness set in, and have not had the advantage of his revision. That this revision would have been considerable may be surmised, not only from his general habit, but from the fact that he left (we are told) a mass of notes for that purpose—not, however, in a form which made it possible to use them. The Lecture on Coincidences was especially destined in this way for expansion. Says his son: "He had long felt the important bearing of the coincidences between Christianity and Buddhism in their rubrics and ritual, especially since the study of the Pāli Canon made it clear that any borrowing had been from the Buddhist Canon, which was written down a century before the Christian era, and had existed orally from the time of Asoka, third century B.C." For this purpose he had collected materials enough to fill a small volume. The present Essays are on language, folk-lore, and other kindred subjects, and have at once the value and shortcomings with which we are familiar in the work of the eminent philologist. There is the wonted confidence in the unique accuracy of the nature-myth theory which he supported:

It would be an insult to all historical scholarship if our *a priori* friends were to attempt to prove once more that the worship of Zeus was derived from a general reverence felt for a gentleman of the name of Sky. . . . The identification of one single word, Dyaus in the Veda and Zeus in Homer, has done more for rectifying our ideas of the true course of ancient Aryan civilisation than all the myths and customs of savages put together.

And so on. Meanwhile, many sides of this and other shields may be right, though it was the Professor's business and nature to think otherwise. It is a publication of great interest to all students of comparative mythology and philology. (First Series. Longmans. 5s.)

EFFICIENCY AND EMPIRE.

BY ARNOLD WHITE.

Nothing is gained by overstating a case; as a rule, a good deal is lost. That is what has happened with Mr. Arnold White's book called *Efficiency and Empire*, which contains a great amount of obvious truth, and nearly as much truth which is not so obvious, but which it is well for us as a nation to know. But Mr. White is a prophet, and he has the faults of the prophet. He belabours John Bull so lustily, and the blows resound so rousing, that at last the thought is forced upon us that this is no club with which the blows are dealt, but only a bladder full of peas. This is an artistic mistake. The truths are there, but they are put in such violent terms that the reader, hearing so much noise and finding so little result, may be excused for thinking that it is not real, but only make-believe, and that all this indignation is but sound and fury signifying nothing. We regret that this should be so, but Mr. White lavishes such a wealth of invective upon mere follies that he has no harsher term to apply to really serious matters. A little more contrast, a little more management of light and shade, would have rendered this a most valuable book. Nearly every word is true, but there is a vein of exaggeration about it all which defeats its own aim. There is too much of the unrestrained vehemence of the old Hebrew prophet, and consequently the Englishman, who, more than all other men, dislikes anything like a scene, puts the matter aside and goes about his daily work. It is a pity that it should be so, but that is the very reason why Mr. Arnold White should keep pegging away with more moderation but no less energy. (Methuen. 6s.)

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF
CRICKET.BY CAPTAIN PHILIP TREVOR.
EDITED BY I. T. SACHS.

A light and amusing book, with plenty of substance and sound "wrinkles," for all its discursive method. The author really aims at illustrating, by a profusion of anecdotes, cricket as a game, rather than cricket as a public performance, almost rivalling the race-course or the theatre. He claims, with just pride, to have made an innovation by discussing the part of ladies in cricket; and his chapters on this subject are entertaining reading. He has also a chapter on literary cricket, which the ACADEMY is in duty bound not to overlook. The two stars of the literary cricket-world appear to be Dr. Conan Doyle and Mr. J. M. Barrie. He gives the score-sheet of the historic match between Authors and Artists, containing the autographs of both elevens, wherein are famous names. In this match, he says:

There was nearly a very nasty accident. Mr. J. M. Barrie was batting, and there was a misunderstanding about a run. A fieldsman thereupon seized the ball, and dashed it in with terrific force. It missed Mr. Barrie's head by inches. It was indeed a near thing, and the bowler and I agreed that there was nearly a Widow in Thrums. It is almost needless to say that Mr. Barrie preserved his usual impassive calm. Last year, in Dr. Conan Doyle's absence, he captained the side, and . . . it was arranged that Mr. Edwin Abbey and another should bowl to Messrs. Barrie and Meredith, and *vice versa*. The Artist partnership only realised one run; but . . . so well did our two men perform that forty runs were on the telegraph board without a wicket falling; and it was not until there was a serious change of bowling that Mr. Barrie was defeated.

But if you would read of Dr. Doyle's still more brilliant performances, and other delightful matter, you must buy the book. (Methuen. 6s.)

RECORDS OF THE BOROUGH OF
LEICESTER. VOL. II.EDITED BY
MARY BATESON.

This is a work which women may justifiably cite as a fine example of the arduous literary tasks of which the modern woman is capable. Miss Bateson is a Newnham woman, and has had other irons in the fire while carrying through her complex work at Leicester. We reviewed her *Changes in*

the Ministry, 1765-1767, a volume of unpublished letters of the Duke of Newcastle, two years ago. In the volume before us Miss Bateson brings a strong grasp to a great deal of perplexing material. Her difficulty has been to trace the history of the borough during a period of seventy-five years (1380-1455), of which nearly all records are lost. This throws the interesting Lollard period into an obscurity which even Miss Bateson cannot lift. As in the first volume, a world of detail concerning the old trades, guilds, prices of commodities, &c., is here. The Latin texts are given, and translations below them. We have a weakness for the old legal phraseologies, in which many a common word has a virginal bloom. Thus:

Item that no breweress, sworn inn-keeper, or other, shall be so bold as to brew except (at the rate of) a gallon of the best for 1d. . . .

Item that no man may have pigs going in the high street from the house of Henry Dowel as far as the house of Richard of Walcote, unless they are ringed, under pain of grievous amercement.

Will the Cooper charged that he traded with Tho. the Dyer who is not in the Gild, etc., who came and offered to acquit himself according to the Gild rule and he had day to purge himself at the next sitting: he does not come: therefore let him be distrained by the Grand Distress. He purged.

The preliminary steps taken for the production of this monumental work had the warm support of the late Dr. Creighton, whose minor literary activities seem to be continually coming to light. The work as a whole reflects the greatest credit on Miss Bateson and her revisers, Mr. W. H. Stevenson and the Rev. J. E. Stocks, of Leicester; and the Corporation has certainly reaped the reward of its enterprise. Theirs is an example that has yet to be followed by many cities and towns that could well afford the luxury. (Clay & Sons. 25s. net.)

Books on gardening, written in various styles and addressed to various classes of gardening readers, are to be looked for at this time of the year. Mr. William Williamson's *The British Gardener* (Longmans) is above the head of the beginner, but is a good half-guinea book for the experienced amateur, students, and practical workers generally. The work is arranged in five divisions, dealing with landscape gardening and the laying out of grounds, &c.; the cultivation and selection of pot plants; the various kinds of fruit, hothouse and hardy; the flower garden and table decoration; and vegetables. Concise and practical, the book can be warmly recommended. Its *Calendar of Gardening Operations* runs to thirty-five well-filled pages, and the whole work to a little more than four hundred.

Major-General R. S. S. Baden-Powell's book, *The Matabele Campaign*, first published in 1897, is issued in a fourth edition by Messrs. Methuen, with a new and breezy letter from "B.-P." to his publisher, in which he translates his own initials, for the benefit of us all, into "Be Prepared." We are too apt as a nation "to begin our prize-fight, as it were, by receiving a preliminary bang in the eye, which we ought, with previous practice, have learned to parry, and perhaps even to deliver."

Mr. Reginald R. Sharpe is continuing his useful task of forming a *Calendar of Letter-Books Preserved among the Archives of the Corporation of the City of London*. As we explained when reviewing his first volume, these Letter-Books are so called from being distinguished by letters of the alphabet. They were exploited by Mr. H. T. Riley in his interesting *Memorials of London Life and Liber Albus*; but Mr. Sharpe's work is official and scientific. We are again struck by his careful editing. The period here covered is 1291-1309, and the volume throws much light on Edward I.'s very unsatisfactory financial relations with the citizens. Mr. Sharpe is Records Clerk to the City of London. (Library Committee, Guildhall.)

Macaulay's fame is being kept bright in these days. After Prof. Jebb's recent appreciation comes a prize essay by Mr. D. H. Macgregor, of Trinity College, Cambridge. We have dipped freely into his *Lord Macaulay* (Clay & Sons), and have alighted always on acute and agreeable criticism. Mr. Macgregor defines the "splendid fault" of the *History* as follows:

Our complaint is that he has not kept a due proportion between the two aspects of history he sought to intertwine. It is his old error. His imagination is stronger than his reason; it is a scenic rather than an intellectual imagination. It lacks the ballast of central controlling ideas. Hence continuity of development is apt to be hidden in the *History*. The overtones sometimes drown the tune. In a nation as in an individual there is that within which passeth show; the interpretation of which requires a deeper imagination than that which loves the suits and trappings of life.

To the "Famous Scots" series is added *The Academic Gregories*, by Agnes Grainger Stewart. "The claim of the Gregories," writes Miss Stewart,

to recognition in Scottish biography does not rest on the outstanding genius of any individual member of the family, so much as on the number of great and brilliant men belonging to it, who have, in their day, formed and educated generations of the youth of Scotland. From the middle of the seventeenth century to the middle of the nineteenth century, with a gap of only a few years, some of the Gregorie connexion were professing either mathematics or medicine in one or other of the Scottish universities.

Miss Stewart's book is worthy of the series, and that is saying much.

Fiction.

Jack Raymond. By E. L. Voynich.
(Heinemann. 6s.)

JACK is an *incompris*, son of a harlot, nephew of a Cornish vicar. At an early age he led a gang of rustic Hooligans, and was almost daily flogged by the vicar. He stole a knife, exchanged the knife for a captured mavis, and set the bird free. Thenceforward, to himself, he was not the same boy. The flight of the mavis had given him kinship with nature. The knife formed a piece of circumstantial evidence connecting him with a school scandal—a scandal of the unmentionable kind which rises over schools now and then like a miasma, the kind not referred to in *Stalky & Co.* He might have explained the knife, but he would not have been believed; besides, the incident of the mavis was "so secret and so holy." He is regarded as unfit to mix with other boys, and is sent away to a distant school. This finishes his connexion with the vicar, who was his evil genius, delighted in flogging, and had an infamous past. At the distant school Jack protected from bullying and from the same sort of scandal with which his own name was darkened a little musical genius, Theo, half a Pole, whose mother, Helen, had seen a Russian prison and unmentionable horrors. Helen adopted Jack; she understood him. After a youth of dulness Jack developed into a medical student of singular promise. He only failed in an examination once—after he had sat up all night by the bedside of Helen, who, unknown to Theo, was dying of cancer. Theo, now a great violinist, took "Berlin, Paris, and Vienna by storm." In the midst of Continental triumphs he was called to see Helen die, but contracts compelled him to return to Paris. There he played the Beethoven Concerto, and an encore was demanded with frenzy. He thought: "I can't play; my mother is dying." But he trod the platform again "... a thin mist spread ... a room seemed to grow out of the shadows ... drawn face white upon the pillow. ... He began to play. ... When he

ended there was silence." In the artist's room a man cried: "Theo, was that your own? ... Render thanks to God for His great gift of genius." Jack has a young sister who, talking of flowers, remarked: "You can look at a dicotyledonous flower every day, and be the happier for it; but I'm afraid of the spear-leaved things that grow in threes; they are like the angel with a flaming sword, and all my gates are shut." That said, she and Theo looked "at each other silently, with a long look, troubled, searching, and unsatisfied." Theo seduced her. Jack forgave her and him, and maintained her and the child; but the child died of diphtheria. At the close Jack, with only three sovereigns in his pocket, is hasting to Paris to succour Theo, who has fallen into some unnamed misfortune.

This book, despite its cleverness and crude power, has failed to impress us. Much of the theme is quite astonishingly unpleasant—Swinburne's "Anactoria" made ugly and rendered into prose; we should have deemed it impossible for an author to treat such a theme without actively disgusting the reader. It is not to the theme, however, that we object, for all themes are lawful when handled with dignity and decency, as Mrs. Voynich has certainly handled hers. It is the continual sentimentality of the story that offends. Sentimentality, as we repeat week by week, is the bane of English fiction. It always involves a conventional prettiness, and it always excludes real imaginative force. *Jack Raymond* is carefully written, but it discloses little observation of genius, freshness, or importance. The opening chapters are the best; the later ones are a mere mass of saccharine matter. The unpleasantness of the factual basis of the tale will persuade many that it is a study in realism. It is not.

Voysey. By R. O. Prowse.
(Heinemann)

FIRST of all let it be conceded that *Voysey* is a clever book. The story, when one gets to it—though that, unfortunately, is not until after a lengthy and tedious preamble—suggests veracity. The picture, such as it is, appears accurately drawn from life; but, in admitting cleverness, every possible praise is comprised and exhausted. Beyond and besides there lies nothing—not a hint of grace, not a touch of intensity, not a germ of original suggestion, to make it a novel worth picking out of the mass, worth thinking over, worth more than the briefest attention.

The story is simple enough, though the writing is minutely analytical. The story merely details with some languidness a commonplace *liaison* between the hero, Voysey, and an appallingly stupid woman, whose slightly grotesque husband is "something in the city." The vulgarity of the episode is frank, paramount, and unsupported by any kind of sentimental scaffolding. The whole treatment, moreover, is not only a complete acceptance of this vulgarity, but an almost laborious endeavour to keep the reader likewise from any insidious attempts to see redeeming qualities. What tragedy there is in this account of raw middle-class passion has to exude from the pitiable banality of the situations or not at all.

Emily Detmond, it is true, withering in her little smug villa at Bedford Park for exactly the kind of emotional experience the book unfolds, is realistic enough. But this granted, the question inevitably arises whether a long account of unredeemed domestic infidelity is, after all, worth doing? Certainly, if the final test of a book lies primarily in its atmosphere, *Voysey* is a supreme mistake. In any case it is not a novel for all stomachs; for how many remains a question of the public taste at the moment.

This also should be remembered—even in its cleverness *Voysey*, if not actually imitative, is very greatly reminiscent. From the first page to the last, one is reminded of a painting after such and such a well-known artist.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE GOOD RED EARTH.

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

The frontispiece is a picture of Compton Castle, the first chapter traces the history of the castle; "amid red Devon fallows . . . ivy-mantled, solemn, silent it stands like a sentient thing and broods upon ages forgotten." With the second chapter the story begins, introducing Widow Hatherley, her brother, and her grandchild Sibella. And "on the bosom of a great hill that rose to the east of Compton Castle appeared Orchard Farm." (Arrowsmith. 3s. 6d.)

THE HELMET OF NAVARRE.

BY BERTHA RUNKLE.

"It was July. The King of Navarre had moved up to St. Denis, in his siege of Paris, but most folk thought he would never win the city, the hotbed of the League." A lively, smartly-written historical novel, which had a successful serial life in the *Century Magazine*. The American journals seem fond of Miss Runkle. Remarks the *Boston Transcript*: "The author's fame is apparently established with this, her maiden effort"; while the *Examiner*, N.Y., says calmly, that "any writer of any age might rejoice to produce its equal." (Macmillan. 6s.)

ROBERT ANNYS, POOR PRIEST.

BY ANNIE N. MEYER.

A tale of the great uprising in England under John Ball. The main theme of the book is the struggle in the mind of Annys, a pupil of Wyclif, between the attraction of the Church and the claims of the people. "Renouncing the ecclesiastical authority, an excommunicate, he is confident till the collapse of his character under the temptation of a woman drives him back to the Church and conventual discipline. Then comes the great Uprising, and he returns to his people, but too late to control them." (Macmillan. 6s.)

MY SON RICHARD.

BY DOUGLAS SLADEN.

A romance of the Upper Thames, with the idea of the Boer War always looming behind and beyond. Says the author: "My story is not one of fighting. It treats only of the apparition of the spirit of war amid the young men and maidens summering on the river, between Maidenhead and Marlow." But the scene of the last chapter is placed at the War Office just after Knox's victory over De Wet. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

PACIFICCO.

BY JOHN RANDAL.

A story of romantic adventure. "Despite the military title by which Polter had addressed me," says the narrator, "a trader am I bred and born, and this, be it understood, is but a trader's story." But the house of Charlton Bros. were great traders, dating from a hundred and fifty years before, when two brothers sold a case of macaroni in a sunless den in Austin Friars. The author desires to express his acknowledgments to the late Mr. Theodore Bent, and to the narrative of a Greek statesman named Soteropoulous. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

MR. LEOPOLD LUGWELL.

BY PHILIP STERNE.

The sub-title is "His Birth and Up-bringing." Hence we are closely concerned with the father, Mr. Benjamin Lugwell, who from being the son of a bargee had risen to be a grasping money-lender and then an honest and benevolent banker. Benjamin Lugwell is drawn with a great deal of skill and humour. (Blackwood. 6s.)

THE ARCHBISHOP AND THE LADY

BY MRS. S. CROWNINSHIELD.

A story in which the heroine comes under the influence of a lovable French archbishop, and is for a long time on the point of taking the veil. The environment is aristocratic and sunny. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

CINDERS.

BY HELEN MATHERS.

This story is nothing if not full-blooded. The hero, a war-artist, is engaged to the unsatisfactory and languid Celia, when he begins to fall in love with the vigorous, wholesome, mafficking Cinderella. "Their eyes met; why had not Celia looked like that, fired his blood with that stirring bugle-call to duty, to honour." There are other lovers, and a villain who tries to compromise Cinderella by luring her to a house in a West-end slum. It is all very rushing and wholesome. (Pearson. 6s.)

THE MODERN ARGONAUTS.

BY ELIZA ORZESZKO.

Translated from the Polish by Count S. C. de Soissons, who remarks in a preface: "The great and almost unanimous enthusiasm of the English critics over Mme. Orzeszko's book, *An Obscure Apostle*, warrants the publication of this novel." We are also told that: "She no longer considers that romantic love is the absolute ruler over people's life." Which is another way of saying that Mme. Orzeszko, like the rest of us, is growing older. (Greening. 6s.)

HER MAJESTY'S MINISTER.

BY WILLIAM LE QUEUX.

"I fear that at Downing-street they will say hard things of us," and Her Majesty's representative sighed heavily, resting his weary head upon his hand." The action of the story takes place mainly in Paris during the period immediately preceding the outbreak of the war in the Transvaal. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.)

THE WISDOM OF ESAU.

BY R. L. outhwaite
AND C. H. CHOMLEY.

A story of Australian bush life. "On an evening of early summer in the year 1863 two bronzed and bearded men sat by a camp fire on a three-chain road in the north-eastern district of Victoria." Among the episodes is a description of a bush fire. (T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

THE SEA HATH ITS PEARLS.

BY NELLIE K. BLISSETT.

A weird, well-written "phantasy," founded upon an old superstition current on the Mediterranean. The modern setting in a well-peopled villa adds to the effect of a story which will at times make the firmest flesh creep. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

MY LADY OF ORANGE.

BY H. C. BAILEY.

"I am English born and bred, and quarrels of Dutchman and Spaniard were no work of mine, yet something a man must do in the world, and this was the work that came to my hand: to fight Alva with his own two weapons—the sword and the lie, and with both I beat him, *cordieu!* with both!" Thus the hero, who is the narrator. (Longmans. 6s.)

A SORE TEMPTATION.

BY JOHN K. LEYS.

The heroine comes from Loch Aline to London, enters society, refuses a lord, and is interested in a murder of which her lover is suspected. A normally pretty and exciting love-story ending with the usual satisfactory statements in the present tense. (Chatto & Windus. 6s.)

We have also received: *Her Mountain Lover*, by Hamlin Garland (Heinemann); *The Mother of the Emeralds*, by Fergus Hume (Hurst & Blackett); *Nineteen Thousand Pounds*, by Burford Delannoy (Ward, Lock); *Denver's Double*, by George Griffith (White); *Tales from Natal*, by A. R. R. Turnbull (Fisher Unwin); *The Tower of Wye*, by W. H. Babcock (Coates); *The Ghost of Tintern Abbey*, by Mrs. Arthur Traherne (Baker & Son); *Tales That Are Told*, six short stories by Mary and Jane Findlater (Methuen); *Sirius*, and *Other Stories* (twenty-one of them), by Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler (Hodder & Stoughton); *Her Ladyship's Secret*, by William Westall (Chatto); *Once Too Often*, by Florence Warden (John Long); and *The Indian Bangle*, by Fergus Hume, new edition (Sampson Low).

THE ACADEMY.

Editorial and Publishing Offices, 43, Chancery-lane.

The ACADEMY will be sent post-free, if prepaid, to every Annual Subscriber in the United Kingdom.

Price for One Issue, Threepence; postage One Halfpenny. Price for 52 issues, Thirteen Shillings; postage free.

Foreign Rates, for Yearly Subscriptions, prepaid (including postage)..... 17/6
Quarterly 5/0
Price for one issue /5

Pictures and Personality.

WHEN the truth of his picture is challenged by a candid friend, the painter usually replies: "Well, that's how I see it." In that sentence lurks truth; also the excuse for much picture making.

We do not ask a painter to copy nature—that is impossible; we ask him to interpret to us what he has seen and felt; we ask him to paint particular and certain adventures of his personality. The force of the appeal of his picture to us depends on the quality and the strength of his personality. He pleases, he inspires, he interests, or he does not. Which means that his personality is pleasing, inspiring, interesting, or the reverse. For pictures are not like nature—never were, and never will be. A resemblance is obtained by giving each object its proper value and relation to other objects, and so we recognise, in a picture, a wave or an afterglow, a moon or a celandine, although Nature would blush at the ineptitude of the imitation.

A great artistic personality, who by inherent nobility or by heroic self-discipline has ripened, not atrophied, with the years, has kept feeling pure, vision clear, understanding childlike, can appeal to us greatly, no matter what subject he chooses. Go to the Guildhall Art Gallery and note some of the subjects by which Velasquez holds the world of art. What are they? A seller of water in a tattered doublet; an old crone making an omelette in an earthen pan; a youth drinking from a bowl; a woman with a mantilla; an ugly boy, who happened to be Don Baltazar Carlos; an old, cunning and suspicious Pope; Philip IV., who by no stretch of sympathy can be called attractive. And yet there they are, pictures for all time, to be seen again and again, and never forgotten. The generations pass before Don Baltazar, before that living "Portrait of a Man," ever watchful, ever silent. The generations look and pass on into the night. The pictures remain. They have finality!

And the Exhibition of the Royal Academy? What are we to say? Just that we take away from it the old knowledge that a painter may shout at the top of his voice, that he may key his picture to the highest pitch, that he may choose a world-moving subject, and yet, if his personality lacks entire sincerity, if his work is exterior not interior, if he has tried for effect rather than for what his colour-eye has seen or his spiritual sense has felt, he cannot move us. Pretence avails not; he cannot deceive. So we turn from two-thirds—perhaps more—of the pictures at Burlington House. They have the interest of goods in a shop window—that is all. Mr. Abbey is a draughtsman; he has shown that he can devise a regal decorative scheme; he has painted the trappings of history gorgeously, bringing to them just as much insight as they demanded, and, in his way, he has satisfied. But we cannot believe that he painted his "Crusaders Sighting Jerusalem" from any sincere impulse. A Drury Lane melodrama could not shout louder than those three Crusaders crying in crescendo "I see! I see!! I see!!!" We turn away with gratitude to such a trifle as Miss Catherine Wood's "Bird-skins from Central America." Why? It is a tiny, slight thing. But the artist has painted those skins

quietly and beautifully, because she felt them to be beautiful and quiet. Neither does Mr. Byam Shaw, with all his cleverness, deceive us. He has been studying the pre-Raphaelites, and in "Boer War, 1900," he has painted a pre-Raphaelite picture—minute detail, hard crude colours, with the suggestion of infinite labour that characterises pre-Raphaelite pictures. No doubt he has done the best he could, but his attempt just lacks what makes the "Ophelia" of Millais a continual transcendental pleasure. It lacks feeling and sincerity. Mr. Shaw did not paint a pre-Raphaelite picture because the impulse was too strong to be denied, but because his versatility whispered in his ear: "Paint a pre-Raphaelite picture, you clever creature." The case of Miss Kemp-Welch is also one for regret. Hitherto she has painted what she has observed and felt, and her horses galloping and gamboling in meadows have been good. This year finds her no longer content with her own home pastures. In that desire to be up and doing a little more than the others she has spread herself, with the help of newspapers and hearsay, on the shocking insincerity of a huge picture of "Lord Dundonald's Dash for Ladysmith." Then there is M. Benjamin Constant's "Queen Victoria." The purple and crape hangings on the wall where it hangs in solitary ineffectuality, the flanking palm-trees, the House of Lords' throne, the theatrical use of sunlight, the outward splendour of royalty, together with M. Constant's facile talent, cannot hide the unreality of this Royal portrait. Looking at it, we ask ourselves, Is not, then, old age beautiful? Have Velasquez and Rembrandt painted their old men and women in vain? Was not the furrowed dignity and gravity of Queen Victoria's old age better worth putting upon canvas than this fanciful presentment of M. Constant's idea of how the Queen looked a quarter of a century ago? We are aware that M. Constant has explained that he has painted the symbolism of royalty rather than an individual. But printed explanations go to the paper-mill: Royal pictures remain.

In a way, we sympathise with the exhibitors at Burlington House. To the majority of them the painting of pictures is a business, a means of livelihood, and the Royal Academy is the best emporium for selling their wares. The painter who, unhappily, must live by his brush can no more, except in rare instances, do without or flout Burlington House than an individual, except in rare instances, can do without or flout the world. All—that is all in whom the artistic impulse is stronger than the commercial—begin by protesting; but the nets of Burlington House are wide, and her rakes are many, and cleverly constructed. In the fulness of time she calls, he comes, and soon the Artist becomes a mere Painter; for the effect of success on personality is that of weeds entangled about a swimmer's legs, dragging him down.

The artist—painter, writer, musician, architect—is beset by many foes, so insidious and gentle in assault that the citadel is often captured before he realises that the outposts have been attacked. Perhaps he himself never knows it, for the effect is a hardening of the finer perceptions, so that he does not realise that he has lost them. This hardening of personality into convention produces so deadening an effect on a painter's work that the pictures by an Academician of, say, a dozen years' standing usually cease to have any interest for the intelligent lover of art who, throughout the year, has kept his vision clear and his standard high by constantly renewing his fealty to the works of the great masters, which happily demands no more effort than taking a cab to a cricket match. He goes to the Academy each year—hoping. In a lucky year he may find one or two pictures by men to whom art has still the freshness of the morning; who paint from the same impulse that gives a true poet his first lyric. One or two of such he may find: what he always finds are the lifeless

anecdotes and landscapes of those whose personality is hardening or has already hardened into convention, barren as the desert about Dungeness Point. This year, as heretofore, we are confronted by the same inimitable marble steps and the same supers reclining on the same marble benches; Wardour-street classical scenes; Earl's Court chunks of Eastern life; Venetian women; new clothes hanging on bodies characterless as a modern biography; landscapes where no atmosphere clings, and on which no wind ever blew; the muddle of millinery babies; gentlemen in khaki; sham military episodes, and the simpering varieties of love's young dream. They come and go, leaving no more impression on the mind than the latest musical comedy or the last fashion in painted *mousseline*.

This is not a year of new reputations. It is rather the year of those who, having already sailed forth well laden, are now voyaging, with varying degrees of success, towards the ocean. Among them are Mr. J. J. Shannon, who to his many excellent portraits adds such a gem as "The Flower Girl," painted from the sheer love of painting it; Mr. Waterhouse, with his tender handling of Mrs. Schreiber; Mr. Napier Hemy, who, in "The Home Wind," has caught the very rush and depth of the sea; Mr. Clausen's "Golden Barn," with its soft, captured light and the beautiful drawing of sacks; Mr. La Thangue's "Gathering Plums" and "December in Provence"; Mr. Stott's luminous "River Bank"; Mr. Thaulow's experienced "The Old Fabrique, Christiania"; and pictures by Mr. Waterlow, Mr. East, Mr. Fred Hall, Mr. Roche, Mr. Lemon, Mr. Meade, Mr. Olsson, Mr. Lindner, Mr. and Mrs. J. Young Hunter, Mr. W. W. Russell, Mr. Cayley Robinson, and Mr. E. J. B. Taylor.

These, in their varying degrees, charm, and have the shining merit of not suggesting the factory. They seem to have been prompted by genuine artistic impulses, and to have been carried out with knowledge and craftsmanship. But when we turn from them to the particular personality that dominates the walls, it is plain that the word charm must be omitted. Mr. Sargent interests, astonishes, excites, compels; but he does not charm. His technical power of painting is prodigious; his brush-work is unerring; his power of revealing the salient—never the obvious—characteristics of a sitter is so marked that it has been said that he shows what his subject will become in ten years' time. He knows! Stand close to one of his portraits and the brush-work is as muddled as a child's painting-book. Withdraw to the middle of the room, and the apparently arbitrary blotches of colour come together and compose as if by magic. His portraits are alive and combative. They entangle you in their cleverness; but they do not give the serene pleasure, the sense of finality, that the Velasquez portraits at the Guildhall give. Indeed, sometimes we have wondered if we do not linger over the accessories in Mr. Sargent's pictures with more delight than in the pictures themselves. He gives us the best of his virile, capable, clever, dashing personality; but his personality just lacks the few great simple qualities that make for ripeness, constituting the difference—that difference!—between a Sargent and a Velasquez. The one is of "our times"; the other for all time.

Things Seen.

A Greeting.

It was a special service in the Cathedral, a service of thanksgiving for the return of the local Volunteers from the war. The nave stood empty for their accommodation, but the aisles were already full. In front of me sat a husband and wife. They seemed to have come from a distance, for they were hot and travel-stained. The woman carried a paper bag of refreshments. She wore a

gaudy bodice (I conjectured it had been made for the occasion), and she was in a flutter of anticipation. Someone handed her a copy of the form of service. She took it, read the prayer for those fallen in the war, showed it to her husband, and began to weep. He was embarrassed and evidently afraid of anything which might undermine his self-control.

"Taint our Jock," he whispered hoarsely. The woman shook her head, but continued to sob into her handkerchief till the organ pealed out, and we turned to view the procession. There came the white-robed choir, the scarlet of the local Volunteers, and then a little group in varied tones of mustard-yellow and frog-green, with ill-fitting uniforms and ungainly puttees, with sunburnt faces and curiously wrinkled eyes—the men we had come to see.

As the choir reached their seats they knelt; the women in the congregation mechanically did the same; the men remained standing watching the soldiers who were still filing into their places. There was nothing dramatic or self-conscious about them. Were they being marched as prisoners into a Boer laager they would have had much the same expression. This service was the last duty they had to perform, and they would go through with it as they had gone through with the others. As they filed in batches of six into the pews, stumbling over the hassocks, each man in turn sat down, dropped his battered helmet between his knees, shaded his eyes with his hand, and then sat at attention.

The man in front of me gave a grunt and straightened himself. He caught the eye of a private, a young fellow with a boyish face very like his own. The soldier looked at him, glanced quickly at his side, saw the kneeling figure of the woman, then, reassured, looked back again to the man. After a year's danger, anxiety, and prayers, father and son had met.

For quite five seconds the lad's face never changed. Then the left corner of his mouth twitched, the wrinkles round his left eye deepened, and he winked.

That was all. An instant later the father sank back with a satisfied sigh, and the son, with "eyes front," was waiting for the word of command from the minor canon.

The Look.

It was not a performance—they were too serious for that, too entirely free from self-consciousness. It was the power of the human eye, exercised for some mysterious purpose between six and seven on a summer evening on the path that leads from the Row to the Serpentine.

They were standing quite still the first time I saw them—a collie dog, good-natured enough in his appearance, and a tall man, frock-coated, top-hatted and white-moustachioed, with the trim air of the old soldier about him. Within a yard of each other they stood, looking intently and unswervingly into each other's eyes, the man with his arms folded, the dog with his head stretched forward, his body eagerly on the alert. So they stood long before I reached them, and so they stood immovable long after I had passed them and passed again.

The next day and the next, at the same hour on the same spot, I saw them there in the same position, man and dog looking into each other's eyes as if the fate of kingdoms or their own lives hung upon that uninterrupted line of vision. Then the man backed a step or two and dropped into a chair, the dog moved slowly forward until the same space separated them as before, and so they remained, each holding the other in that steadfast gaze.

As I walked up the path I turned every now and again to see what had become of them. Once for a brief moment man and brute stood at ease, but in a second they had each other again—relentlessly. When the sun dropped—a big red ball—behind the bridge and the trees, I saw them still

The Poet as Tinkerer.

It was formerly held the most rash and perilous of poetic experiments to tamper with a poem once published to the world. We have changed all that, with the advent of "artistry," and the array of catchwords which accompany it. He is now held a doubtful poet, and beyond doubt no artist, who does not tinker with his poems, more or less, so long as he has breath and eyesight. For our part, we are suspicious of this fashion, and could wish more poets had the brave confidence of our elder singers in the rightness of the visiting Muse. We do not find that Milton has given the world much trouble with *variorum* editions, yet he was thought somewhat of an artist in his day—yea, marry was he! Apart from fashion, it is a matter of temperament, doubtless; no one certainly would blame Tennyson for it, nor will they, we think, blame Mr. W. B. Yeats.

For it is the re-issue of Mr. Yeats's collected *Poems* (Fisher Unwin) which has given us these reflections. We can hardly call them his complete poems, since they include neither "The Wind Among the Reeds," nor the lately published "Shadowy Waters"—probably because these were issued from a different house. Mr. Yeats is indubitably an artist, he is careful of form, perhaps (we should guess) polishes considerably in MS. Therefore it is not surprising that his fastidious care has led to considerable revision of his poems. The small bulk of these is favourable to the process. "A poet of one mood in all his lays," he has with singular tenacity of artistic purpose kept within the strict pale of his special and exquisite gift. Nay, more, it may be said that he has devoted all his best poetry to the elaboration of a single theme. No more perfect or characteristic poem is there of Mr. Yeats than "The Man Who Dreamed of Fairyland," which relates how life and the things of life became an idle tale to a man because his whole mind was set on *Tír-nan-Ógus*, the land of perpetual peace—

Where even the old are fair,
And even the wise are merry of tongue—

to quote another lovely lyric of his. *De te narratur fabula*. The man who dreamed of fairyland is Mr. Yeats himself. His finest poems (without exception that we can recollect), from the early "Wanderings of Oisín" to the "Countess Kathleen," turn directly or indirectly upon that one all-consuming vision of a country of endless peace and youth, where the "loud noises" of the world are stilled. The ingrained and unquenchable yearning for it makes Mr. Yeats a natural visionary, and his poems so many fairy songs. This rigid limitation of theme keeps his poems also small in quantity, and his dainty weeding of them makes this collected volume slenderer still. Therefore Mr. Yeats was like to be a leisurely reviser of his work, and he is.

One approaches the alterations with a natural jealousy for the *littera scripta* which in this case does not always "remain," and which is dear to us by familiarity. But with every disposition to be grudging and conservative, we can do little but approve Mr. Yeats's alterations. They are made with a rare delicacy of taste and sureness of instinct. He knows well when he has made his mark, and attempts no juggling with the really inspired passages. It is the unconsidered links which he hammers and re-rivets. This is as it should be. In the lyrics the alterations are so little that (with one exception) the most considerable occurs in the "Cradle Song," where the second and last lines of the final stanza are entirely rewritten. This is the original:

I kiss you and kiss you,
With arms round my own;
Ah, how shall I miss you,
When, dear, you have grown.

The revision runs thus:

I kiss you and kiss you,
My pigeon, my own;
Ah, how shall I miss you
When you have grown.

The strengthening of the second line is unquestionable, while a touch of daintiness is added to the metre by the slight verbal omission in the last two lines. We trembled at finding he had laid retouching hand on the enchanting and enchanted lyric in "The Land of Heart's Delight"; but the change proves reassuringly slender. The third line of the song—

And the lonely of heart is withered away,
became in the last line of the original—

The lonely of heart must wither away.

Now the last line is left an exact repetition of the third. Perhaps we prefer the old version; but it is very much a matter of personal whim. The changes in the text of the charming little drama are also but slight:

White-armed Nuala and Ardree the wise,
Fearca of the hurtling foam;

now runs:

White armed Nuala and Aengus of the birds,
And Fearca of the hurtling foam.

The alteration in the second line is perhaps a matter of pronunciation, or else the "lift" of an elision added to the line. More important is the insertion of a short speech from Bridget Bruin, when Shawn clasps the dead body of Maire:

Come from that image there: she is far away.
You have thrown your arm about a drift of leaves,
Or bole of an ash-tree changed into her image.

The fancy of it is a decided gain. Some of Mr. Yeats's corrections seem suggested by a desire to make his Irish folk-lore more readily comprehensible by the Saxon reader. So in those most beautiful and poetic invocations to the spirits, in the "Countess Kathleen."

And now the sheogues, like a surf of light,
becomes:

And the sea-creatures, like, etc.

So also, for—

Call hither now the sowlths and thivishes,

we have—

Call hither the fading and the unfading fires.

Again:

And now the sowl'hs and thivishes rise up,

becomes—

The fading and the unfading fires rise up.

In the same way an intermediate speech receives some trifling alteration to get rid of these two offending terms, "sowlths" and "thivishes"—not, it must be owned, very elegant in sound.

But the changes are not all of this calibre. Extensive interpolation in a drama like "Countess Kathleen," a rounded and beautiful thing as it stood, is of all changes the most hazardous. Addison advised Pope against the interpolation of his sylph machinery in the "Rape of the Lock"; and though Pope succeeded, it was against all laws and chances of the game. Mr. Yeats has been less daring, but daring enough. For the two scenes of the second act he has thrown into one, and interpolated between them (as they originally stood) a whole love-dialogue for the Countess and Aleel the bard. We call it a love-dialogue; but the suggestion of love is so remote and unearthly, that only Aleel's assurance he had been making love aroused us to a doubtful consciousness of the fact—a consciousness which needed to be fortified by a re-reading of the dialogue. For all that, the scene is in Mr. Yeats's best manner, if not quite at the height of his power (we

could have wished a little more poetic passion, a little more *explicit* passion, in Aleel's pleading); and it certainly adds a completion to the play. We should not have said it was needed; but being there, we discover it is needful. Some lesser changes and interpolations demanded or suggested by this central change are managed with admirable skill. Yes; Mr. Yeats is an artist in external polish.

For all that, we have one thing against him: he has not wholly escaped the pitfalls of revision—or not to our mind. It is in "The Dream of a Blessed Spirit." The last stanza now runs thus:

With white feet of angels seven
Her white feet go glimmering;
And above the deep of heaven
Flame on flame and wing on wing.

Lovely? Yes; but the original:

She goes down the floor of heaven,
Shining bright as a new lance;
And her guides are angels seven,
While young stars around her dance.

The new version, of course, has an amplitude of effect; but the original is so much more fresh, more daring, more *radiant*. The revision is Mr. Yeats's own in expression; but in idea it is far from original; it suggests many associated pictures: Browning's

Corregio loves to mass in rifts
Of heaven his angel-faces, &c.;

and Rossetti's

Seraphim, succinct, conjoint,
Float inward to a golden point;

with other passages of the poets; some, perhaps, coming nearer to Mr. Yeats's in expression; all probably suggested by the Italian paintings, early or mature, of wings ranked and flaming in spaces of heaven. Whereas, the first version is as new and shining as a field of daisies in the sun. True, "bright as a new lance" is an old and familiar expression in the romances. But it is applied to material things; the application of it to a young girl is perfectly fresh and bold—so apparently incongruous with all its associations, so beautifully fit and right when once the poet has captured it and flashed it before our eyes. The suggestion of maiden slenderness, the fearless comparison between the immaterial glitter of her beauty and the material glitter of the steel—not customarily applied to female beauty, which rejoices rather in the softer images of light and flowers or snow—these things make the worn image virginal. The stars are "young," and close in the morning brightness of the passage. No; with our souls we protest against the substitution, and beg Mr. Yeats to "think well on't."

But this is all our dissatisfaction; and how much worse might Mr. Yeats have done, when we consider other poets. The truth is, there are two modes of polish; what Coventry Patmore has called "polish from within," and "polish from without." The latter is easily understood; it is the method of correction when the verse has been written down and received its shape. It passes among most people for the only method of polishing a poet's work. The former is more remote from ordinary experience; it is the polish which the verse goes through in the mind, in the very act and heat of composition, while it is still fused and ductile from the fires of inspiration. Where inspiration is plenary, under these conditions it is a rapid process, the result certain, perfect, and felicitous beyond rivalry by the other method, where the verse is laid cold upon the anvil—or, rather, has to go through a process of re-fusion. When the inspiration is partial, the parts which have escaped the fusing fire need laboriously to be brought on a plausible level with the rest by after-correction—a laborious process, which never results in the great perfection of polish from within. But because it can be investigated and studied it attracts an undue amount of

admiration and is accorded an undue importance. Poets who are able to rely much on polish from within probably seldom hang long over the after-polish of their verse. They do not need it. Tennyson could have done little with *Comus* had he tried to burnish it; yet we have no evidence that Milton bestowed much "correction" on it. Poets like Wordsworth—who depended wholly on inspiration, and was also little of an artist apart from inspiration—have made very bad hands at subsequent correction, not because they did not need it. Wordsworth absolutely altered—and spoiled—the great lines about "the light that never was," &c. In the "Nightingale and the Stockdove" he changed

A creature of ebullient heart

to

A creature of a fiery heart.

Surely a destruction of the exactly right word. His disciple, Mr. Aubrey de Vere, has proved himself an over-true disciple in this also. In one of his finest poems he had the admirable line about autumnal leaves,

Tinkle their querulous tablets of wan gold.

He has, most unfortunately, substituted for "querulous," "minute tablets"; and thereby struck out the very keystone of the line, a word perfectly apt both in sense and sound. Yet not all poets strong in their first inspiration have been ill at external polish. Coventry Patmore, who dwelt so much on polish from within, almost rivals Tennyson in the felicity and judgment of his revision, as also in its extent. Rossetti also (witness the versions of "The Blessed Damozel") revised with excellent judgment. To their number must be added Mr. Yeats, for lack of first inspiration cannot be laid to his charge, if there be any trusting to the spontaneous-seeming charm of his lyric muse.

Correspondence.

Parsons's Portrait and Parsons's Ghost.

SIR,—The question as to the authenticity of the Rev. Mr. Taunton's portrait of Father Parsons has a curious incidental interest. In *Harper's Magazine* for May is an article on "Hallucinations," by Dr. Andrew Wilson. He tells the well-known story of the phantasm seen by Dr. Jessopp, when alone, late at night, in Lord Orford's library. The appearance was that of a somewhat large man, "whose face was turned away. But," says Dr. Jessopp, "I saw his closely cut reddish-brown hair, his ear and *shaven cheek*, the eyebrow, the corner of the right eye, the side of the forehead, and the large high cheek-bone." His dress was "a kind of ecclesiastical habit of thick corded silk, or some such material, close up to the throat, and a narrow rim or edging, about an inch broad, and satin or velvet, serving as a stand-up collar, and fitting close to the chin."

Nobody, I daresay, thinks that this appearance was a ghost: I don't certainly. Dr. Wilson suggested, at the time, that it was a refraction from some person of old, about whom Dr. Jessopp had been reading or thinking. Mr. Walter Rye wrote that "the ecclesiastically dressed man with closely cut reddish-brown hair and shaved cheek appears to me to be the doctor's remembrance of the portrait of Parsons, the Jesuit father," treated of in Dr. Jessopp's "One Generation of a Norfolk House," and described by him as "tall and big of stature, smooth of countenance, beard thick and of a brown colour, and cut short." Now the *cheek* of the phantasm was "shaven," and Dr. Jessopp can say whether the phantasm wore a beard or not. Having these details in my mind, I found that Mr. Taunton's Father Parsons was not "shaven" but bearded from ear to chin. But he may have grown a beard after the date at which his phantasm (if it was his phantasm) represented him. Dr. Jessopp, however, describes

Father Parsons as bearded, and the phantasm, apparently, was "shaven," and, if so, Dr. Jessopp's memory of a portrait of Parsons (what portrait?) could not well have been the basis of his hallucination. If, however, Parsons really has a habit of appearing to people after his death, he may have appeared, in 1622, to give sittings to Mr. Taunton's artist, though Parsons died in 1612. This would, however, hardly account for the mitre and crozier. I think Mr. Taunton might argue (if he does not accept my suggestion as to the posthumous sittings given by Parsons), that 1622 is only the date of the engraving, not of the portrait which the engraving reproduces. The owner of the arms and motto, *Numinis Ope*, might be traced by heralds. The fur collar on a costume much like that of George Buchanan in his portraits was certainly worn by Mr. John Knox (see *Memoirs of James Melville*), and I have not heard that Mr. Knox was a Jesuit. Not much can be made of the fur collar as a proof that the sitter was a Jesuit.—I am &c.,

ANDREW LANG.

"Festus" Bailey.

SIR,—The common belief that Philip James Bailey had ended his career far back in the nineteenth century was, I confess, shared by me until three years ago, and it is only lately that I knew he has just terminated his 85th birthday.

My enlightenment in regard to his long life dates back from a call I made on an aged printer, or compositor, who now inhabits a certain almshouse at Gloucester, and was formerly employed at Nottingham (as he told me) to set up the type for the poet's *Festus*.

I listened to his resuscitation story (as it appeared to me at the time) incredulously; but the printer (Shepherd) was quite positive—and his memory apparently unailing—that "Festus" Bailey still lived.

It may interest some people to hear that the poet was travelling in Italy thirty years ago, and happened to be living for a few days in the Villa Belvedere, at Castellammare di Stabia, near Naples, during the great eruption of Mount Vesuvius in 1872.

He occupied a bedroom next door to mine, and, being in a weak and nervous condition of health, his wife sought for my assistance to administer restoratives to him when the roar and fury of the volcano had caused him to show signs of faintness.

It was only after the event that I learned the name of my neighbour the poet, whose *Festus* I had read and admired as a youth more than twenty years before.

Since the poem was published in 1839 vague memories of its many merits have sadly outlived it.

I quote *l'envoi* of *Festus*, as it rings almost prophetically of the author's lingering old age.

Read this world! He who writes is dead to thee;
But still lives in these leaves. . . .

A few bright seeds, he sowed them—hoped them truth,
The autumn of that seed is in these pages.

Also the opening words put into the mouth of the Deity have found realisation:

Eternity has snowed its years upon them,
And the white winter of their age is come.

WILLIAM MERGER.

A Correction.

SIR,—By a printer's error I am made to say, in my "Paris Letter" of last week, exactly the contrary of what I believe. I wrote the word "none"; the printer preferred "some," which makes me assert that there are wealthy persons here in Paris capable of giving up their fortune to

MACMILLAN & CO.'S NEW BOOKS.

IMPORTANT NEW WORK ON SOUTH AFRICA.

Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

BRITAIN'S TITLE IN SOUTH AFRICA;

OR, THE STORY OF CAPE COLONY TO THE DAYS OF THE GREAT TREK. By Professor J. CAPPON, M.A.

THREE NEW NOVELS.

Crown 8vo, 6s. each.

ROLF BOLDREWOOD. IN BAD COMPANY,
and Other Stories.

BY A NEW WRITER.

BERTHA RUNKLE. THE HELMET OF
NAVARRE.

ANNIE N. MEYER. ROBERT ANNYS: POOR
PRIEST.

A Tale of the Great Uprising.

Crown 8vo, 6s.

ANTHOLOGY OF LATIN POETRY. By ROBERT
YELVERTON TYRRELL, Litt.D., D.C.L., LL.D.

Crown 8vo, 4s. 6d. net.

POEMS OF THE UNKNOWN WAY. By
SIDNEY ROYSE LYSAGHT.

MACMILLAN & CO., LIMITED, London.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR AND THE DEFENCE OF THE EMPIRE

THE HISTORY OF SOUTH AFRICA

By the Hon. A. WILMOT, K.S.G., F.R.G.S.

Crown 8vo, with Map, 5s.

The true causes of the South African War, and the historical circumstances which led up to it, should be known by every educated person. These are fully explained in this work, which comprises South African History from the earliest period to the present time.

London: KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, TRÜBNER & CO, LIMITED,
Charing Cross Road, W.C.

NOTICE.—Next week will be published "AN OUTLINE of the RELATIONS between ENGLAND and SCOTLAND, 500-1707," by Robert S. Rait, Fellow of New College, Oxford. Demy 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d. net.

London: BLACKIE & SON, LIMITED, Old Bailey.

An American Transport in the Crimean War.

By Capt. CODMAN.

In this work Capt. Codman relates his experiences of an American Chartered Transport in the Crimean War.....The Crimean War is the connecting link between old and modern methods of warfare.

Frontispiece. 198 pp. Price 3s. 6d.

London: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON & CO.

the poor at the bidding of Christ. I have never met any such form of wealthy person. I think Christ would find it far harder to Christianise the world to-day than it was nineteen centuries ago, and anyone who endeavoured to carry out the socialism of the Four Gospels would be regarded as dangerous, immoral, or mad.—I am, &c.,

YOUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 85 (New Series).

LAST week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best short note on a current new word, phrase, or habit of speech. We award it to Mr. A. Sargent, Cattell-road, Small Heath, Birmingham, for the following:

"DÉSÉQUILIBRÉ."

I came across it in Mr. H. B. Irving's *French Criminals*, where it is applied to a character such as Ibsen might have created. But the word struck me as eminently characteristic of the dotage of the nineteenth century, and suggestive, by contrast, of what we may hope from the twentieth. Looking round, one cannot but be struck by the number of movements which may be traced in contemporary literature and the thought that it represents. On the one hand, we have the cynical intellectualism of Ibsen; on the other, the unreasonable sentimentalism of *An Englishwoman's Love-Letters*; here the "return to barbarism" of Mr. Kipling, and there the sentimental preciosity of Mr. Le Gallienne; on one side the gruesome "realism" of Zola, on the other the mystic other-worldliness of Mr. Yeats; here the "Puritan" reason-worship of Mr. Bernard Shaw, and there the sensuous ecstasy of D'Annunzio. But I think that those who are keenly alive to the signs of the times can perceive in such books, for example, as *The Column* a new and saner spirit struggling to be extricated—the spirit of proportion, temperance in the old Greek sense. [W. S., Birmingham.]

Other notes sent in are as follows:

"I'M SORRY."

For many years "awfully jolly" was the all-expressive and all-expressing exclamation of the day, and it is still used very often on emphatically inappropriate occasions; but its hey-day has passed, and, if I were asked for the fashionable catchword or phrase of to-day, I should say, undoubtedly, "I'm sorry." From the frequency with which these words are uttered by young, old, and middle-aged, one would gather that this was but a sorry world; but it usually only means: "I beg your pardon," or "Excuse me." So, if one girl treads inadvertently on another's skirt, it's "I'm sorry"; and if, in righting herself from this first predicament, she comes down heavily on an old gentleman's favourite toe, it's again "I'm sorry"! Also, if she spills some salt in handing you the salt-cellar, or if she has to hopelessly refuse an offer of marriage, it's the same triplet of words. But if, in making these few remarks, I am unconsciously doing the girls of to-day an injustice, in materially restricting their choice of language, all I can say is: "I'm sorry"! [S., Chelsea.]

"TO GIVE YOURSELF AWAY."

"To give yourself away," though slang of a sort, is a most pithy and apt phrase. Those who "wear their hearts on their sleeve for daws to peck at" are the folks to give themselves away oftenest, I suppose. To make a confidential communication to the wrong person—to tell a story against yourself—to show your foibles on the slightest provocation—is to give yourself away without getting anything in exchange, save, it may be, ridicule or contempt. Give others away if you will (though the satirist has no friends), find the weak points in their armour, and probe them *sans merci* for the gratification of the company, though you will be hated for it as you deserve, but give away your money, your advice, your wrinkles (if you can)—in a word, anything but yourself. The gift may not be worth having when you do give it to others, but it is a gift that will bring you more kicks than halfpence, to use a vulgar phrase. Give away your daughter if you will (to an eligible suitor), but never yourself on any account whatever. [F. B. D., Liskeard.]

"CAMELOT."

The word "camelot" has lately obtained some popularity among the "mob of gentlemen [and ladies] who write with ease" as a synonym for newswriter and gutter-merchant generally. The real meaning of this Gallic word is "stuff, trash, rubbish," so that it is, perhaps, used by a metonymy to define the seller by his wares. The term has only crept into use during the last year or so in England. The fact is, we heard so much about the "camelots" at the time of the second Dreyfus trial that we could hardly help borrowing the appellation. As will be remembered, these grig-like Parisian ne'er-do-wells were very prominent, not merely in selling

any quantity of anti-Semitic literature—heaven save the mark!—but in raising the everlasting cry of "A bas les Juifs!" with which the ears of respectable people were dinning. They can be regularly organised for any street demonstrations—the more disreputable the character the better; so that it is a libel to compare our bagatelle-vending flotsam and jetsam, law-abiding at least, to such a herd of arabs. Garroche would have made an ideal "camelot," and the motto beloved of Danton applies to them with singular force, according to all accounts. [A. G., Cheltenham.]

"THERE'S AIR!"

On Saturday last Mr. Bickerstaff passed sentence upon Henry Aitchless, for having on numerous occasions viciously and with malice aforethought made use of the objectionable phrase "There's air."

The spelling of the words in the indictment gave rise to some little difficulty. Counsel for the defence maintained that the subject of complaint was only an uttered sound, and was as incapable of logical orthography as that caused by a cough, a sneeze, or the usual admonition to silence.

Mr. Bickerstaff thought otherwise, and observed that he was determined to defend Society against these inane and senseless expressions, which, once being established, were as pestilences in speech and were for ever breaking in upon sensitive hearings with rasping iteration. He instanced his own discomfiture when, at a recent representation of Shakespeare's "King John," he became aware of the words:

"My mother's son did get your father's heir;
Your father's heir," &c.

He ordered that the prisoner's head should be shaved and placed in a bag for the space of one week, during which time he intended that both his capillary appendage and respiratory supply should be reduced to a minimum. [A. E. W., London.]

"STYLIST."

During the last few years young reviewers have been much given to use the word "stylist" as the equivalent for "master of style." In this usage there seems to me, despite greater brevity, a loss of power as well as of precision. Surely the word "stylist" must have been first coined to meet the modern necessity for a word defining a master of *styles* as distinct from a master of *style*.

Thus Tennyson in his verse, Stevenson in his prose, Roff as a musician, and perhaps Millais as a painter, might properly be called stylists; whereas, by distinction, one would call Milton, Dryden, Addison, Mozart, or Flaxman masters of style. On the one hand there is marked versatility of manner giving distinct individuality and appropriate local colour to the several works of the same master; in the other a certain balance and restraint which tend at once to elegance and uniformity.

If, therefore, the word "stylist" be recognised as indicating the more versatile order of accomplishment, the English language is the richer by a useful term, but if it is merely regarded as a variant for "master of style" there is no gain whatever.

[F. H. C., Tunbridge Wells.]

"TO MAFFICK."

By its very phonetic spelling, this new verb seems to me to illustrate that boundless co-operative exuberance for the expression of which the word has been called into being. Whether that exuberance is to be welcomed as a fresh aspect of the national temperament may be a doubtful point, but that the word supplies a want and has come to stay is a fact admitting of no question. One who "mafficks," can readily be recognised: he has what Mr. Nuptins (*à propos* of some pre-Victorian maffickers at Ipswich) calls "an excited eye"; he provides himself with sundry aggressive weapons, purchasable at a low rate from the nearest street hawker, and, with whistle between his lips and "tickler" between his fingers, the mafficker knows himself to be fully equipped. The first article of his creed is that mafficking is the great leveller—all are equal and may be tickled; another one (not present in every mafficker) allows him to bridge over the great gulf fixed usually between *meum* and *tuum*. England hailed the first mafficker with ecstasy; in future it seems probable that she will order the Riot Act to be read whenever he and his comrades gather together. [H. G. H., Whitby.]

Competition No. 86 (New Series).

We offer a prize of One Guinea for the best and least hackneyed suggestion of a subject, taken from literary history, suitable for a painting.

RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, May 15. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the third page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. Contributions to be written on one side of the paper only.

Crown 8vo, cloth, **Each 3/6 net.** Fully Illustrated.

Our Neighbours.

A Series of handy books Descriptive of the Home and Social Life of Continental Peoples.

EDITED BY

WILLIAM HARBUTT DAWSON.

Generally speaking, they may be said to deal with the Intellectual Life of the various peoples, their Social divisions and distinctions, their Manners and Customs, Wealth and Poverty, their Armies and systems of national defence, their Industrial life, Rural life, Home life, Religious life, Amusements, and Local Governments.

"A well-conceived series of books."—*Academy*.

The following Volumes are ready:

RUSSIAN LIFE IN TOWN AND COUNTRY

By FRANCIS H. E. PALMER.

GERMAN LIFE IN TOWN AND COUNTRY

By WILLIAM HARBUTT DAWSON.

FRENCH LIFE IN TOWN AND COUNTRY

By Miss HANNAH LYNCH.

Other Volumes in Preparation.

London: GEO. NEWNES, Ltd.

A CHARMING GIFT BOOK

6s., claret roan, gilt, Illustrated.

LONDON in the TIME of the DIAMOND JUBILEE

London: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & Co. Llangollen: DARLINGTON & Co.

DARLINGTONS' HANDBOOKS.

Edited by RALPH DARLINGTON, F.R.G.S.

Maps by BARTHOLOMEW.

Fcap. 8vo. ONE SHILLING EACH. Illustrated.

THE VALE OF LLANGOLLEN.—With Special Contributions from His Excellency E. J. PHELPS, late American Minister; Professor JOHN RUSKIN, LL.D.; ROBERT BROWNING; A. W. KINGLAKE; and Sir THEODORE MARTIN, K.C.B.

BOURNEMOUTH and NEW FOREST. THE NORFOLK BROADS. BRECON and its BEACONS. BOSS, TINTERN, and CHEPSTOW. BRISTOL, BATH, WELLS, and WESTON-SUPER-MARE. BRIGHTON, EASTBOURNE, HASTINGS, and ST. LEONARDS. LLANDUDNO, RHYL, BANGOR, PENMAENMAWR, LLANFAIRFECHAN, ANGLESEY, and CARNARVON. ABERYSTWYTH, BARMOUTH, MACHYNLLETH, and ABERDOVEY. CONWAY, COLWYN BAY, BETTWS-Y-COED, SNOWDON, & FESTINIOG. BARMOUTH, DOLGELLY, HARLECH, ORICCIETH, and PWLLHELL. MALVERN, HEREFORD, WORCESTER, GLOUCESTER, and CHELTENHAM. LLANDRINDOD WELLS and the SPAS of MID-WALES.

1s.—**THE HOTELS of the WORLD.** A Handbook to the leading Hotels throughout the world.

"What would not the intelligent tourist in Paris or Rome give for such a guide-book as this, which teaches so much that is outside the usual scope of such volumes!"—*The Times*.

"The best Handbook to London ever issued."—*Liverpool Daily Post*.

THIRD EDITION, REVISED, 5s.—60 Illustrations, 24 Maps and Plans.

LONDON AND ENVIRONS.

By E. C. COOK and E. T. COOK, M.A.

With Index of 4,500 References to all Streets and Places of Interest.

Llangollen: DARLINGTON & CO.

London: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT & Co., LTD.
The Railway Bookstalls, and all Booksellers'.

NOW READY at all LIBRARIES and BOOKSELLERS'.

THE WORK OF THE NINTH DIVISION.

By Major-General Sir H. E. COLVILLE, K.C.M.G., C.B.

With Maps and Plans, demy 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.

THE WORK OF THE NINTH DIVISION,

covers the Capture of Cronje at PAARDEBERG, POPLAR GROVE, the March to BLOEMFONTEIN, SANNAH'S POST affair, the March from WINBURG to HEILBRON, the LINDLEY affair, and much obstinate fighting.

London: EDWARD ARNOLD, 37, Bedford Street, Strand.

MUDIE'S LIBRARY (LIMITED).

For the CIRCULATION and SALE of all the BEST ENGLISH, FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN, SPANISH, and RUSSIAN BOOKS.

TOWN SUBSCRIPTIONS from ONE GUINEA per ANNUM. LONDON BOOK SOCIETY (for weekly exchange of Books at the houses of Subscribers) from TWO GUINEAS per annum.

COUNTRY SUBSCRIPTIONS from TWO GUINEAS per annum. N.B.—Two or Three Friends may UNITE in ONE SUBSCRIPTION, and thus lessen the Cost of Carriage.

Town and Village Clubs supplied on Liberal Terms. Prospectuses and Monthly Lists of Books gratis and post free.

SURPLUS LIBRARY BOOKS

NOW OFFERED AT

GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

A NEW CLEARANCE LIST (100 pp.)

Sent Gratis and post free to any address.

The List contains: POPULAR WORKS in TRAVEL, SPORT, HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, SCIENCE, and FICTION. Also NEW and SURPLUS Copies of FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN, SPANISH, and RUSSIAN BOOKS.

30 to 34, NEW OXFORD STREET;
241, Brompton Road, S.W.; 48, Queen Victoria Street,
E.C., LONDON;
And at 10 to 12, Barton Arcade, MANCHESTER.

An American Transport in the Crimean War.

By Capt. CODMAN.

In this work Capt. Codman relates his experiences of an American Chartered Transport in the Crimean War..... The Crimean War is the connecting link between old and modern methods of warfare.

Frontispiece. 198 pp. Price 3s. 6d.

London: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON & CO.

Selections from ALEXANDER & SHEPHEARD'S PUBLICATIONS.

Crown 8vo, cloth boards, price 3s. 6d., post free.

ILLUSTRATIONS from the SERMONS of ALEXANDER MACLAREN, D.D. Edited and Selected by JAMES HENRY MARTY. Containing over 500 beautiful and suggestive illustrations. With a Textual Index and Alphabetical List of Subjects.

Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

"THINGS THAT ARE MADE." Devotional Meditations in the Haunts of Nature. By Rev. A. J. BAMFORD, B.A., of Royton.

Now Ready, Second Edition, crown 8vo, cloth boards, 1s. 6d., post free.

THE CHARTER of the CHURCH. Lectures on the Principle of Nonconformity. By P. T. FORSYTH, M.A., D.D.
"Explains the position of religious dissent with great force and eloquence."
Manchester Guardian.

London: ALEXANDER & SHEPHEARD, Ltd., 21 and 22, Fumival, St., E.C.

SWAN SONNENSCHN & CO

IMPORTANT NEW WORK BY EUSTACE MILES,
Amateur World Champion at Tennis.
**THE TRAINING of the BODY for GAMES,
ATHLETICS, GYMNASTICS,**
And other Forms of Exercise, and for Health,
Growth, Development.

By F. A. SCHMIDT, M.D., and EUSTACE H. MILES, M.A.,
Amateur World Champion at Tennis. Winner of the Gold
Prize, 1897, 1898, and 1899; Winner of the Open Competition
in the English Amateur Racket Championship, 1896, 1899;
Amateur Champion of the United States and Canada at
Rackets.

With 307 fine Original Illustrations 546 pp., 8vo, with Copious
Index, 7s. 6d.

Part I. (By E. H. MILES). How to Learn and Practice
Games and Exercises.

Part II. (By E. H. MILES). Advantages of Games and Exercises
and of Practising them Rightly.

Part III. The Bones and Joints. Balance and Exercises.

Part IV. The Heart and Circulation, Right and Left Side
Exercises. The Lungs, Breathing and its Effects.
Breathing Exercises. The Skin and Clothing.
Feeding, Digestion, and Nourishment. Training
the Nerves. Rapidity, Promptitude, Fatigue.

Part V. Positions and Movements and Exercises. Walking,
Climbing, Running, Jumping, Throwing, Bowling,
Swimming, Rowing, Bicycling, Ball Games. The
Best Exercises at Different Ages.

Part VI. (By E. H. MILES). Summary and Final Hints.

Appendices (By E. H. MILES) 1. Food for Training. 2. Some
Foundation Exercises. 3. Training in Relaxation
and Repose.

The Land of the Moors. By BUDGET MEAKIN.

With a large Coloured Map of Actual Morocco, and pro-
fusely illustrated, 15s. "A careful account of a country the
fringe only of which is at all familiar to even well-travelled
Europeans."—*Yorkshire Post*. "Packed with information,
presented with great clearness and in a form easy of refer-
ence."—*Academy*. "The map of Morocco, brought down to
1900, with routes marked and towns set down accurately, is
a model of careful, accurate scholarship and research."—*Daily Chronicle*. "Full of all sorts of amusing and in-
structive facts illustrative of Moorish character."—*Traveller*

Knowledge, Belief, and Certitude. By
F. STORRS TURNER, B.A. 7s. 6d. net. "To prophesy to
proverbially rash, but we risk the charge of temerity. 'Know-
ledge, Belief, and Certitude' will rise. It begins with bare
consciousness and ends with the record of a life. It is the record
as well as the results of a genuine inquiry into the truth that
is human. Mr. Storrs Turner's 'Science of Ends' does not
enlarge upon the end. It is his way thitherward that is so
absorbingly interesting. His book is beyond compare the
most attractively lucid example of clear thinking upon funda-
mentals that has appeared for a generation."—*Literary World*.
"An honest attempt to think the problem of know-
ledge right through."—*Nature*.

**NEW NOVEL BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOVE, THE
FLAYER."**

The Wings of the Morning. 3s. 6d.

"In her latest novel Mrs. Savile exhibits the same qualities
of imagination and consistency, the same sincerity of senti-
ment that characterized the study of Irish life in 'Love, the
Flayer.' Those who enjoyed Mrs. Savile's earlier work may
turn to 'The Wings of the Morning' in the assurance that
they will be no less agreeably entertained."—*Morning Post*.

Beowulf, and the Fight at Finnsburgh:
a Prose Translation, with Introduction, Notes, and Biblio-
graphy. By J. R. HALL CLARK, M.A. Ph.D. 12 Illustrations.
8s. net. "Dr. Hall has made himself master of the
voluminous Beowulf literature. His careful introduc-
tion, his notes, and his archaeological illustrations are all
real helps to the understanding of the poem, and of the
social conditions which it represents. The translation itself,
probably, for scholarly purposes, represents the original
better than either that of Messrs. Morris and Wyatt or that
of Prof. Earle."—*Academy*.

**Our Public Schools: their Influence on
English History** (Charterhouse, Eton, Harrow Merchant
Taverners, Rugby, St. Paul's, Westminster, Winchester). By
J. G. COTTON MINCHIN, Author of "Old Harrow
Days." 6s.

Dictionary of Quotations. By Col. DALBAC
and T. B. HARBOTTLE. Three Uniform. Each 7s. 6d.
Each fully indexed under (1) Catchwords, (2) Subjects,
(3) Authors.

3. FOREIGN QUOTATIONS (FRENCH and ITALIAN).
Texts and Translations. 572 pages. [This day.]

2. CLASSICAL QUOTATIONS. Texts and Translations.
650 pages.

1. ENGLISH QUOTATIONS. 616 pages. [Second Edition.]
FOREIGN QUOTATIONS.—"Of the competency of the two com-
pilers there is also no doubt. The former volume constitutes
the most important and serviceable dictionary of English
Quotations; the latter is the best existing guide to Classical
Quotations. The present volume is admirably rich. We have
tested the book again and again, and are grateful and sur-
prised at its fulness. The indexes are all that can be desired."

Architects of English Literature (Shake-
speare to Tennyson). By R. FARQUHARSON SHARP,
of the British Museum. 5s. net. "It is long since we have
seen a book on literature which attracted us more. The
twenty-four biographies are short, brightly written, and
accurate. The series of facsimile letters add greatly to the
charm."—*Review of the Week*.

Ethics. By Prof. W. WUNDT. Vol. III. THE PRIN-
CIPLES OF MORALITY and the DEPARTMENTS of the
MORAL LIFE. Edited by Prof. E. B. TITCHENER.
7s. 6d. [Next week.]

The Romance of the Heavens By Prof.
A. W. BICKERTON, Author of "Romance of the Earth"
(2s. 6d.). 3s. "The book is admirably written."—*Nature*.

A System of Map Drawing. By Prof. BICK-
ERTON. With Diagrams. 40s. 6d.

TO BE PUBLISHED AT ONCE.
Life of the Sea-Shore. By M. I. NEWBIGIN.
With 30 Original Illustrations.

**Aristotle's Psychology: a Treatise on
the Principle of Life** (DE ANIMA and PARVA NATU-
RALIA). Translated, with Introduction and Notes, by
Prof. W. A. HAMMOND.

Evolution and its Bearing on Religions.
By A. W. DADSON.

**The Adversaries of the Sceptic; or, the
Sceptical Present.** By ALFRED HODDER.

SWAN SONNENSCHN & CO., LIM., London.

**Mr. T. FISHER UNWIN'S
LIST.**

A NEW NOVEL by the AUTHOR of "THE RHYMER."
BLACK MARY. By Allan McAulay. (Green
Cloth Library.) 6s.

A NEW BOOK BY THE AUTHOR OF "FRIVOLA," &c.
**BEFORE the GREAT PILLAGE, and other
Essays.** By the Rev. Canon JESSOPP, D.D., Author of
"The Coming of the Friar," &c. Cloth, 7s. 6d.

"These essays are concerned mainly with parochial and
church life in England before the great breach with Rome and
the Reformation brought in a new order of things. The work
is performed in a scholarly and interesting fashion throughout,
and the book is one which cannot be neglected by students of
the various religious and social movements in our country."

SIXPENNY EDITION.
EFFIE HETHERINGTON. By Robert
BUCHANAN. Cheap Edition. Paper covers, 6d.

"Exhibits the concentration, the skill, and the intense
dramatic power of Mr. Robert Buchanan's master mind and
hand. There is not a nerveless line in the volume. Once begun
the story has to be read to the last line, and then the reader
puts down the book with a determination to read it all over
again."—*Weekly Dispatch*.

THE LATEST SUCCESS.
**ANOTHER ENGLISHWOMAN'S LOVE-LET-
TERS.** By BARRY PAINE. Fifth Impression. Paper, 1s.;
cloth, 2s.

"Likely to be one of the funniest books of the year."—*Star*.

BY "MADGE," OF "TRUTH."
MANNERS for GIRLS. By Mrs. Humphry,
Author of "Beauty Adorned," &c. Cloth, 1s.

"A manual for which there can be nothing but praise."
Globe.

**COLLOQUIES of CRITICISM; or, Literature
and Democratic Patronage.** By —? Demy 8vo, cloth,
3s. 6d. net.

"In this book numerous literary questions of considerable
interest are dealt with by the author, who prefers to remain
anonymous. His wit of humour renders it essentially a book
for the pleasure and amusement of the reading public."

BY A NEW WRITER.
THE YOUNG SQUIRE'S RESOLVE. By
WALDO GRAY. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

THE LAST STEP to RELIGIOUS EQUALITY.
By E. K. BLYTH. Paper, 6d.

A THRILLING NOVEL OF AUSTRALIAN LIFE.
THE WISDOM of ESAU. By R. L. Outh-
WAITE and C. H. CHOMLEY. (Green Cloth Library.) 6s.

ALL ABOUT BRITISH, BOERS, AND ZULUS.
TALES from NATAL. By A. R. R. Turnbull.
Cloth, 2s. 6d.

"The tone of this book is purely local and dissociated from
politics and treats mainly of the wooing of a Boer girl by two
young Boers and their jealousy and attempted crimes. Thus
the reader will be able to form some idea of the home-life and
character of the people who are now really a part of our Colonial
Empire."

AN IMPORTANT NEW WORK ON THE EASTERN
QUESTION.
AS the CHINESE SEE US. By T. G. Selby.
Cloth, 6s.

SMART PEOPLE AND THEIR WAYS.
**THE LETTERS of HER MOTHER to ELIZA-
BETH.** Cloth, 2s.; paper, 1s.

AN IMPORTANT NEW WORK ON CATHOLICISM.
**FIFTY YEARS of CATHOLIC LIFE and
PROGRESS** under the Rule of Cardinal Wiseman. Car-
dinal Manning, Cardinal Newman, and Cardinal Vaughan.
By PERCY FITZGERALD. With Photogravure Por-
traits. Cloth, 2 vols., 21s.

MARY E. MANN'S NEW NOVEL.
AMONG the SYRINGAS. By the Author
of "Moonlight," &c. (Green Cloth Library.) 6s.

"It is long since we have seen a story so full of human
interest, woven out of so simple materials as 'Among the
Syringas.'... The author has written clever stories before,
but none, we think, which shows such mature power."
Manchester Guardian.

**THE DREAM-WOMAN: a Psychological
Novel.** By KYTHE WYLWYNNE. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

THE TRAVEL BOOK of the SEASON.

A SECOND EDITION of 1,000 COPIES READY TO-DAY.
IN TIBET and CHINESE TURKESTAN:
being the Record of Three Years' Exploration. By Captain
H. H. P. DEASY, late 16th Queen's Lancers, Gold Medalist
of the Royal Geographical Society. With Appendices,
Maps, and 90 Illustrations. Cloth gilt, 21s. net.

"Teems with curious experiences and varied adventure."
Paul Hail Gazette.

"One of the best works of Travel recently published in
England."—*Contemporary Review*.

London: T. FISHER UNWIN,
Paternoster Square, E.C.

**A. & C. BLACK'S
NEW BOOKS.****ENCYCLOPÆDIA BIBLICA:**

A Dictionary of the Bible.
Edited by the Rev. T. K. CHEYNE, M.A., D.D.,
AND
J. SUTHERLAND BLACK, M.A., LL.D.

NOW READY, VOLUMES I. and II. (A-D and E-K).

Imperial 8vo, cloth, 20s. net; half-leather, 25s. net;
full leather, 30s. net.

(To be completed in Four Volumes.)
Vol. III. *in the press*.

THE CORRECTIONS of MARK

Adopted by MATTHEW and LUKE.

By EDWIN A. ABBOTT,
Author of "Clue," "St. Thomas of Canterbury," &c.

Demy 8vo, cloth, price 15s. net.

THE APOSTLES' CREED.

By Professor ADOLF HARNACK.

Translated by the Rev. STEWART MEANS,
AND
Edited by THOMAS BAILEY SAUNDERS.

Crown 8vo, cloth, price 1s. 6d. net.

**CHRISTIANITY and
HISTORY.**

By Professor ADOLF HARNACK.

Translated, with the Author's Sanction,
By THOMAS BAILEY SAUNDERS,
With an Introductory Note.

Second and Revised Edition.
Crown 8vo, cloth, price 1s. 6d. net.

SCHOPENHAUER:

A Lecture.

By THOMAS BAILEY SAUNDERS,
Author of "The Quest of Faith," &c.

Crown 8vo, cloth, price 1s. 6d. net.

**PASSAGES from the LETTERS
of AUGUSTE COMTE.**

Selected and Translated
By JOHN K. INGRAM, LL.D.,
Author of "Outlines of the History of Religion."

Crown 8vo, cloth, price 3s. 6d. net.

**NATIONAL LIFE from the
STANDPOINT of SCIENCE.**

By KARL PEARSON,
Author of "The Grammar of Science."

Crown 8vo, cloth, price 1s. 6d. net.

**THE USE of WORDS in
REASONING.**

By ALFRED SIDGWICK,
Author of "The Process of Argument," &c.

Demy 8vo, cloth, price 7s. 6d. net.

PUBLIC SCHOOL MAGAZINE

MAY NUMBER.
NOW READY, price Sixpence.

BLACK'S GUIDE BOOKS. 1901

A COMPLETE LIST of HOME and FOREIGN
GUIDES sent on application.

A. & C. BLACK, Soho Square, London, W.